DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Published every week.
$1.50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1882. NUMBER 41.

POETRY

Lake Erie on a Windy Day.

With surprise to me, and grateful pleasure
Has come this day.
From far away, a treasure
O'er hill and stream, this stormy weather.
With paper hid, in bay of leather.
In azure tint and hue of gray.
That *true to nature* and the eye, portray
"Lake Erie on a Windy Day."

To memory thy blues and grays portray
An ominous line of hateful light.
A stormy rack of clouds so gray;
The gloomy falling of an angry night.

White capped waves and dashing spray,
The light-house lantern gleaming bright:
Wave worn boulders cliffs of clay
Foaming breakers of mountain height.

A lonely reach of wreck strewn sand.
A gloomy morning, a tossing sea;
A broken boat upon the strand
The wail of a woman from over the lea,

For the touch of a hand now vanished away
The return of a spirit, *now free*:—
"Lake Erie upon a Windy Day."
This fancy doth bring to me.

Again, in fancy free.
The tumbling breakers with foamy crest,
The clayey cliffs where seagulls rest,
The ever moaning restless sea:
The glistening pebbles, the crystal waves,
The azure depths, the cool deep caves,
In memory return to me,
As, lying there before mine eyes,
On pearl portrayed thy picture lies
On "Erie" with its fickle skies
Again I gaze in pleased surprise.

STORY TELLER.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"Strange things sometimes come under your notice!' I one day said to a noted detective.

"Yes, sir—strange, and sometimes romantic," he replied.

"If you will give me the facts for a short story I will put them in print," I adjoined.

He reflected a little and then remarked that he recollected some curious incidents that he thought would interest me.

I expressed a strong desire to have them related, and he at once proceeded to tell me what I have here written down word for word.

Some three years ago (he began) I was sitting alone in my office, when a fine-looking, well-dressed stranger, about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, entered, and asked to see Mr. Carbon, the detective.

"I am the person named, and at your service, sir," I replied. "Please be seated."

"I do not wish to be interrupted in what I propose to tell you," he said, glancing around, "nor do I wish to have any listener except yourself."

I arose and looked the door.

He hesitated a little, colored some, and then said:

"From my air of mystery, I suppose you think I have something to relate of great importance; but though it is important to me, and will be to you, if you trace out the real facts, yet I assure you, to begin with, it is nothing more serious than the loss of a diamond ring. The ring, however, I prize far beyond its nominal value, as an heirloom of the family, which has come down to me through several generations, it being pesented to one of my ancestors by the then Duke of Cambridge.

"This ring," he proceeded, came into my possession, as the lineal male heir, on my twenty-third birth-day; and although I have since worn it at times, I have watched it with a zealous care, and never left it out of my sight, except when locked in my safe, where I keep my most important papers and a few valuables.

"Now comes the mystery. My safe has a combination lock, and that combination not a living soul knows except myself—not even my wife. I will take my Bible oath that the last time I had the ring, showing it to a friend, I returned it to the safe. That was a week ago to-day, and when I yesterday unlocked the safe to get a private paper, I missed the ring from a little iron box, where I always keep it. Startled at this, I began a search for it. First locking my room door, that I might not be disturbed, I took out everything in the safe, and examined every spot and paper with the utmost care, but without finding the precious jewel, and then put everything back in its proper place. The ring was the only thing missing, and I found that nothing else had been disturbed. The loss of the ring grieves me, and the mystery perplexes me; and so, not knowing better what to do, I have come to you to see if you can suggest anything to relieve me. Understand that I intend to pay you well for your advice; and if you succeed in recovering the ring, your reward shall be two thousand dollars."

"Was the ring indeed so valuable as that?"

"Intrinsically, no," he answered; "and yet, to me, invaluable for the reason named. The actual cash value of the diamond would not exceed a thousand dollars, and yet I would give five thousand—nay, ten thousand—rather than lose it. Besides, there runs a legend in the family, that who ever parts with it will suffer some great misfortune."

"You had it a week ago, you say—you showed it to a friend—you locked it up in your safe—and you have not seen it since?"

"That is my statement."

"Who was your friend to whom you showed the ring?"

The Honorable Godfrey Percey, the youngest son of an English nobleman, who has been spending a couple of weeks at my house as my guest."

"Is he with you still?"

"He is. I will be frank with you. My sister and I met him in London a couple of years ago, and he is engaged to her, and will remain my guest till after the wedding, which is fixed for a week from to day."

"Was he with you when you locked the ring in the safe?"

"Why that question? Mr. Carbon."

"Well, for anything you like. If you are to question my questions I fear we shall not get on very fast. If he was with you, of course he saw you lock it up, and you have proof that you did what you think you did."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carbon. I thought your questions might imply some suspicion of my friend on your part, and I would just as soon have you suspect my own wife. Yes, he was present and saw me place the ring in the iron box, lock that, and afterward lock the safe, and he is as anxious as I am to have me solve the mystery by the recovery of the precious jewel."

"So far so good. Now then, you have servants, of course?"

"Yes, six; two men and a boy, and three females."

"You do not supect any of them?"

"How can I, when no one knows the combination of my safe-lock besides myself."

"It is a mysterious affair," said I, "and I can get no clew from anything you tell me. To make a start in the matter, it might be necessary for me to be an inmate of your house for a few days, and even that might amount to nothing."

"I would like to try anything that would promise even the shadow of a hope," he anxiously rejoined, with an air of depression.

"Then suppose I become your guest for a few days?" I suggested.

"If you will!"

"But not as an officer—not in my real character," I proceeded. "You must introduce me as a friend of yours, just come to town—say William Perkins, from Boston—and not even your wife must know to the contrary."

"Very well—I will arrange it, and to-morrow, at three o'clock, I will meet you and escort you home to dinner. But is it not possible that some one will recognize you?"

"I will take care of that," I answered.

We arranged the place of meeting at a certain hotel, and I was there a little before the time, disguised in a manner satisfactory to myself.

Mr. George Howell, the gentleman in question, appeared according to appointment, but I saw at a glance that he did not recognize me. He took a seat facing the door, and I let him remain some minutes over the time. Then I took a seat near him, and made some casual remark about the weather. He seemed uneasy and not inclined for conversation; and I casually remarked that I was waiting Mr. Carbon, a well-known detective, who had promised to meet me at that hour. He turned and scrutinized me closely, and then observed:

"I know the gentleman by sight; and it is a little strange, if you have an appointment with him, that he fails to keep it."

"You are also expecting him, I believe?" I remarked.

"Why do you think that?" he asked, in surprise.

"Because I am James Carbon, alias William Perkins," I smiled.

He started up, exclaiming:

"Clever! very clever, indeed! I should never have guessed it. Come, let us go."

For three days I was an honored guest in the mansion of Mr. Howell; and during that time I closely studied every inmate, got all the minutest details from my host concerning everything I wished to know, and then took my departure in my open and formal manner, without leaving a suspicion behind that I was other than I seemed. I then set my agents to work among the pawnbrokers; and the day before that fixed upon for the wedding of the Honorable Godfrey Percey and Miss Virginia Howell, I called upon the brother of the latter and handed him his missing ring.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, fairly clutching it, in his excited eagerness; "it is indeed the coveted prize!" Where did you find it?"

At a pawnbroker's."

"Then it was really stolen?"

"And have you any surmise concerning the thief?"

"Yes; I could put my hand on the thief."

"Who is he?"

"I did not say it was a woman."

"Man or woman, who is the party?"

"Perhaps for your own peace of mind you had better never know," I hesitated.

He turned deadly pale and trembled.

"I understand you! he gasped; but even if the purloiner be my second self, I must have the truth from you. It was my own wife, then?"

"No, it is not your wife."

"Ah, thank God for that, at least!" he cried, with a great sigh of relief.

"Ha! my sister."

"No, it was not your sister."

"Who then? Now speak without fear!"

"You will have it?"

"Yes, I must know."

"Can I not prevail upon you to let the secret remain with myself! for, as yet, no other human being possesses it."

"No, Mr. Carbon—I must and will have it?"

"What say you to your friend, then?"

"What friend?" he asked in amazement.

"The Honorable Godfrey Percey."

He fairly staggered, as if he had received a blow.

"Impossible!" he gasped.

"It is true."

He sat down upon a seat, and for some time held his head with his hands.

"Are you sure you have not made a mistake?" he asked at length, in a hollow voice.

"I am certain of what I assert."

"You can prove it?"

"I can."

"Then you shall prove it! Ah, me! poor, poor, dear Virginia! It will break her heart. It will be the death of her, I fear. Willingly would I give half my fortune to have this otherwise!"

"It is not too late. Mr. Howell," said I, sympathetically. "She need never know."

He bounded from his seat, his eyes blazed like a madman's, and he turned upon me with a haughty rage that I have never seen equalled, not even on the stage.

"For what do you take me, sir?" he cried, his now ashy lips fairly quivering. "If this man is guilty, so help me God, were he even a prince of the realm, my own hands should blow his brains out, sooner than he should make my beloved sister the wife of a dastardly thief. Step into my private room, Mr. Carbon, I will send for him. You must face him before me, and make your accusation good or take the consequences!"

"Hark you, Mr. Howell," I said, "I see you are a high-tempered, determined man; and I want you to understand that I am another. I will face your honorable gentleman and make my charge in my own way. He may deny it, and convince you that his word is better than mine, but, mark you, if he does deny it, and you accept his denial, I swear to have him arrested for a felony, and all the facts publicly exposed from first to last!"

"I accept the conditions," he said, and he at once conducted me to his private apartment, in which stood the safe that his friend had opened to rob him.

A servant was dispatched for the Honorable Godfrey Percy, and in a few minutes he made his appearance, looking quite unconcerned.

I had arranged to have everything my own way, and as I now appeared without my disguise, the honorable gentleman did not know me.

He glanced at the two of us inquiringly, but I did not keep him in suspense.

Stepping up to him, I placed my hand rather roughly on his shoulder, and said with sharp severity:

"Godfrey Percy, I arrest you for stealing your friend's diamond ring and pawning it at Isaac Jacobs. You will at once accompany me to the office of a magistrate and confront the witness."

He turned white as death, threw up his hands, and then fell down on his knees and begged for mercy.

"For God's sake, spare me!" he prayed. "Spare me, oh, for God's sake, spare me! It was the first and only time I ever did such a wicked thing. I was wanting a certain sum of money, and too proud to ask you, my dear friend, for it. Oh, George, George, for the love of holy Heaven, intercede with this officer, and save me from public disgrace and utter ruin!"

"You did take my diamond ring, then?" said George Howell, in a quiet, even tone of voice, that quite surprised me by its natural calmness.

"Oh, yes, I confess it."

"How did you open my safe?"

"I watched you one day when you were working the combination, and was able to make it out. That then became my temptation."

"But the ring was also locked in the iron box."

"You had a duplicate key to that, which was in another drawer that was not locked. Oh, my dear, dear friend George—"

"Call me Mr. Howell, and leave off the friend," calmly interrupted the other.

"Godfrey Percy, you were to have been married to my sister to-morrow. Only think of the disgrace which she a Howell, has escaped from you a Percy! In only another twenty-four hours she would have been the wife of a sneak-thief. I am grateful to the Providence that has saved her from that abyss and myself from murder, for I should have killed you. You must run away now, without saying a parting word to any soul in this dwelling. I give you twenty-four hours the start. If, after that time, any police officer, sheriff, or constable can find you on American soil, I swear before high Heaven, I will never rest until the iron gate of our state prison has bolted you in as a loathsome felon. One word more from you, and I will do it now. That is all. Go!"

He arose and pointed his finger imperiously towards the door, and the condemned culprit in silence arose from his knees and slunk out of sight.

That was the last I ever saw or heard of him.

George Howell then coolly opened his escritoire drew me a check for twenty-five hundred dollars, requested me to settle fairly with the pawnbroker, and never to mention a true name in connection with these facts.

I never have. All the names I have given you are fictitious.

Both the brother and sister are now dead. What the interview was between them I never knew. She died in a mad-house in less than six months, and he was drowned on a river excursion in less than a year.—*Mexico (N. Y.) Independent.*

Population of the World.

A most carefully prepared report of the population of the various countries of the world is that issued from time to time by Drs. Behun and Wagner. A new edition of this publication has just appeared, the previous one having been issued two years. Within this interval censuses have been taken in a large number of countries, and the results of these are embodied in this work. But in the case of some countries no official statistics are to be had, and for such countries the figures presented are necessarily the result of computation or even conjecture. The report of the population of China, for instance, is but an estimate, while that of Central Africa can can be little better than a guess. The results given by Behm and Wagner are, however, generally accepted as the most trustworthy published.

The total population of the globe is now reported by them at 1, 433, 800,000. According to their last report it was 1,455,900,000. This difference would indicate a decrease of 22,000,000, but as a matter of fact there has, according to these authorities, been an increase of more than 33,000,000.

This is explained by the fact that the population of China has been very much overestimated heretofore. In the last issue of this work it was given at 434,000,000; it is now put at 379,000,000. In fact, in those countries alone in which censuses have been taken the official returns show an aggregate increase of 32,000,000 during the preceding interval of ten years. The number of people inhabiting the larger divisions of the globe, as given by Behm and Wagner, are as follows:—Europe, 327,743,000; Asia, 795,591,000; Africa, 205,823,000; America, 100,415,000; Australia and Polynesia, 4,232,000; Polar regions, 82,000 inhabitants; China, 379,000,000; Japan, 36,000,000, and British India 252,000,000

The Chenguins.

The Chenguins are Turkish Gypsies and number about 200,000 souls. They profess to be Mohammedans, but as they keep so few of the tenets of that religion, the Mohammedans hold them in detestation, and will neither worship in the same mosque with them, nor allow them the use of their cemeteries. The legend of the origin of the Chenguins is as follows: In some way or other they became separated from the rest of their nation, and constructed a wonderful machine to which a wheel was attached. The purpose of this machine is not known, but although all the tribe tried none of them could turn the wheel. A sage told the chief, whose name was Chen, that the wheel would be made to turn only when he married his sister, Guin. The chief followed this advice and the wheel turned, and the tribe adopted the combined name of brother and sister as their appellation. This marriage coming to the ears of a Moslem saint he roundly cursed the whole tribe, and excluded them from the seventy-seven and a half nations into which the Turks divide mankind, in the following words, "May you never more enter or belong to the seventy-seven and a half races that people the world, but as outcasts be scattered to the four corners of the earth, homeless, wretched and poor; ever wandering and toiling, never realizing wealth, enjoying the fruits of your labors, or acquiring the esteem of mankind."

Although the Turks do not persecute these people, yet they avoid them as much as possible. A year, or two years ago, a Mohammedan preacher said in the course of his sermon. "O, true believers, open your purses every one of you, and give largely to the poor and needy! Refuse not charity either to Mohammedans or Christians, for they are separated from us only by the thickness of the skin of an onion, but give none fo the Chenguins, lest part of the curse that rests upon their heads should fall upon yours." One of the most prominent precepts laid down in the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible, is the duty of giving alms to the poor, and so it will be seen that in thus excluding the Chenguins from the benefit of charity, the Turks looked upon them as a kind of brute.

The Chenguins are muscular, thin, and of middle size, with dark skins, low foreheads, well-defined noses, wide at the nostrils, and bright sparkling eyes. The women when young are sometimes very pretty, but when advanced in years, they become perfectly hideous. The young girls are often Nautch dancers. This dance is grossly indecent, and is said to resemble the French *Can-Can*—only being a great deal worse than the *can-can*. The Chenguin men are tinkers, blacksmiths, musicians and thieves. They are expert at the latter trade, as the following anecdotes, taken from a work on Turkey, will show: "In our stables were three fine and valuable horses, much admired in the town, which had evidently awakened the cupidity of some gypsies encamped opposite the house on the other side of the river. On one occasion, when the two best were away from home together with the groom the third horse disappeared during the night. In the morning I sent to give notice of the occurrence to the sub-governor, and requested his aid in discovering the thief or thieves. This functionary, a kind and civil man, at once called upon me and gave me the assurance that the horse would be recovered, as none but the gypsies, encamped opposite, could have stolen it. The police were sent to the camp to request about a dozen to come to the Konak to answer for the robbery. On arriving, the gypsies were placed under close examination by the Kaimakim and Medjliss. They naturally denied all knowledge of the robbery, and protested against the accusation. Finding them obstinate, the Kaimakim ordered them to be placed under the pressure of the whip, but this appearing to produce no effect made the governor suspect that some trick had been resorted to in order to prevent the culprits feeling the smart of the punishment they had anticipated. They were ordered to undress, upon which, looking very crestfallen, they began to pray for mercy, but their prayers were soon drowned in the sounds of general hilarity that followed the discovery of successive layers of sheepskin, in which they had taken the precaution of enveloping their bodies. The first few blows that fell upon their now unprotected backs, drew forth screams of "Aman, Effendi! followed by sundry revelations on the disappearance of the horse. "Last night," said one, "it came unexpectedly into our camp; we tried to secure it, but it escaped again. We will endeavor to find and bring it back, but, oh, Aman! Effendi! beat us no more! We will pay the value af the horse, for the honor of the Chenguin tribe." When these proceedings come to my knowledge, I begged the Kaimakim not to be too hard upon the poor rogues, but set them free after the severe punishment they had received. I may add that the horse was never found again.

On the shapeless, ill-paved, mud-pooled space which usually occupies the centre of small Turkish towns, the peasants collect from all parts of the surrounding country with their carts and beasts of burden, laden with goods for sale or barter. On one occasion an industrious Bulgarian cloth-weaver took up his habitual post at the corner of a narrow street, where he exhibited his stock of goods, and invited purchasers. Shortly afterwards, a ragged, thievish-looking Chenguin with a couple of sieves of his own manfacture, came and seated himself opposite, apparently with the object of selling his stock in trade. No customers appeared, and the gypsy gave signs of weariness and sleepiness; he yawned desperately, stretched his limbs, looked at his neighbor, yawned again and again, until he succeeded in infecting him with a sympathetic drowsiness. Gradually passing into the second state of somnolence, he closed his eyes and nodded. The Bulgarian following his example, was soon fast asleep, and the gypsy quickly springing to his feet, seized a fine piece of shayak, and walked away with it. The Bulgarian unsuspectingly slept on, until roused by his head coming in contact with the wall, against which he was leaning; his bewildered gaze instinctively turned to the spot which the other slumberer had occupied, and finding that it was empty, he looked at his merchandise and discovered that his best piece of cloth had disappeared also. Much troubled, he packed up the rest of his goods, and proceeced to the house of the Cdorbadji, who advised him to find the gypsy, and point him out to the police, who might succeed in securing his property. To this he responded, "All the gypsies have the same wild, tattered and cunning appearance, and follow the trade of thieves. If I call the attention of the police to my case, I shall be made responsible for the imprisonment of the whole band, and incur expenses greater than the value of my cloth. I must therefore forego it, but never again shall this stupid Burlgarian glava be outdone by gypsy cunning."

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

Household Hints.

Shells can be cleaned by washing them in cold water and the boiling in milk.

Powdered borax will drive away ants and cockroaches if sprinkled where they frequent.

Gold lace may be cleaned by rubbing it with a soft brush, dipped in rock alum burnt and sifted to a very fine powder.

The best tomato for pickling is the size of a large walnut. It should be of a good, healthy green, with one side just beginning to show a tinge of red.

To keep seeds from the depredations of mice, mix some pieces of camphor with them. Camphor placed in trunks or drawers will prevent mice from doing them injury.

An ingenious way to make a pair of vases appear to be larger than they really are, is to get two blocks of wood, in size and shape about like a quart bowl, leaving a space large enough to set the vase in and have a little margin; cover them with plush, and put one at each end of the mantel.

There'll Be Room In Heaven.

She was a little woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing the best seat, for a great man preached on that day, and the house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile as she said, gently;

"Oh, I am quite comfortable here, quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton promptly; there isn't room. Come with me, my good woman, I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room," said the old woman, looking at her shrunken proportions, and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to day, because—"

But here the sexton took her by the arm and shook her roughly in a polite, underhanded way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered; but she arose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she left vacant, she said, gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr.—— preach for? She would not be able to understand a single word he said."

"Such people are so persistent! The idea of her forcing herself into our pew. Isn't that voluntary lovely? There's Dr.—coming out of the vestry. Is he not grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding looking man, and the voluntary stopped, and as he looked over the great crowd of worshipers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when suddenly he leaned over the reading-desk and backoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrfied to see him take his way the whole length of the church to return with the old woman, when he placed in the front pew of all, its other occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the service proceeded, and he preached the sermon that struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," answered that functionary, in an injured tone.

How few remember that while "man looketh on the outward appearance, the Lord looketh on the heart."

They had a funny incident at Yale one day. Prof. Silliman was going to experiment with laughing gas, when he overheard a student say that under its influence no one was responsible for what he said, and he would take advantage of this and tell Silliman what he thought of him. When the class met, Silliman quietly said he would like, for the purpose of illustration, to administer the gas to some member, and this student volunteered. The leather bag was connected with his mouth. He pretended to be very much excited, and began to abuse and swear at the Professor. Silliman let him go on awhile, and then said he needn't be so irresponsible as the gas hadn't been turned on yet. Only those who have been to college and know how a chemistry class can applaud can adequately imagine the uproar that followed.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 12, 1882.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One copy, one year, - - - - $1.50
Clubs of ten, - - - - - 1.25
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A PROJECT is on foot in Ohio to establish a Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. The Ohio Alumni Association is supposed to father it, and from what we can glean from the columns of the *Vis-a-Vis*, the Association will have an official and managing connection with it. The project does credit to the head and heart of Ohio deaf-mutes, and we hope they may be successful beyond all anticipation. A writer proposes that the money paid by each County Treasurer from the "Poor Fund" for the support of aged and infirm deaf-mutes in county almshouses be forwarded to the State treasurer and devoted to the support of a special home, and that all the deaf-mutes who are now in the various almshouses be gathered together under one roof. The idea is a good one, and if it proves feasible will make the establishment of a Home a simple matter of time. We have often thought that the Home in New York could be carried on much cheaper, if some such arrangement were made. We think that a special ward of some County Almshouse could be set apart for deaf-mutes alone. It would not prevent them from being together, it would guarantee them immunity from want, while they would receive all the privileges and comforts accorded by the people of a charitable State to all who are dependents upon public charity. So far as we know, the Home for Aged and Infirm in this city has been supported entirely by subscription, while the inmates should in reality be public beneficiaries. It may be argued that as vast sums of money are appropriated from the public treasury for their education, and that while being educated they are exempt from all expense for board and clothing, therefore they should thereafter cease to burden the State in any way whatever. To this we would reply that it is not only the duty of a State to educate all of its deaf-mute children whatever the cost, but it is a wise policy of government which if discarded would make them a lifelong burden upon the public. It is but right that every one should contribute to the support of all public charities, otherwise it would be necessary to levy a special private subscription tax upon the humane and benevolent, who are already taxed for the support of the public poor. A better and broader education would do much to lessen the number of deaf-mute paupers. But there will always be some who through misfortune are obliged to seek aid from the public purse, and others still who, unmindful of the fact that youth is life's seed time, have neglected to sow anything more than wild oats, and consequently must reap the harvest of want and dependence. No one who lives a youth of indolence can expect an age of ease.

OUR "Prize Competition" is over The three individuals who sent the three largest lists of new subscribers, have by this time received their respective premium. The first prize of fifteen dollars was secured by Miss Julia Foley, of Philadelphia, who sent thirteen subscriptions for one year; the second prize of ten dollars also went to Philadelphia, the winner being William R. Cullingworth, who sent twelve new names; and the third prize of five dollars was captured by John W. Barrett, of Council Bluffs, Ia., he having forwarded a list of eleven new subscribers. We congratulate the lucky trio on their good fortune. There are many others who could have sent larger lists than the three which have carried off the prizes offered, but lack of energy or inclination or time has deprived them of the solace which a few additional dollars never fail to bring.

We herewith begin another competition, and hope that every deaf-mute who subscribes for the JOURNAL will enter the contest. Begin at once, and lose no opportunity that is afforded to get us a new subscriber. *You* may be the winner of the first prize. Remember the competition closes on April 14th, 1882.

PRIZES FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Thirty Dollars to be Given Away.

THE COMPETITION CLOSES APRIL 14, 1883.

These Terms are open to Subscribers only.

For every NEW SUBSCRIBER we offer a commission of 25 cents. Send us $1.25 and keep the 25 cents. Do not wait until you get several subscriptions, but send the money at once. Write the name and address *very plainly.*

Besides this liberal commission, we give $30 in prizes to the subscribers who send the largest list of NEW SUBSCRIBERS before October 2, 1882, as follows:

For the 1st largest list - $15.00
" " 2d " " - - $10.00
" " 3d " " - - $5.00

RULES.

Those wisbing to compete for the prizes, must head their letters "PRIZE COMPETITION."

Cash must accompany the names.

The names must be names of NEW subscribers.

Any one who has been a subscriber within six months will not count.

Changing the name of one member of the family for that of another will not be entered as *new*.

No letter mailed after April 14th, 1883, will be counted.

☞ *Remit by Post Office Money Order or in Registered Letter.*

Address:
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
STATION M,
New York.

THE GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

According to announcement, the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission was convened at half-past three o'clock, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 7th, in the hall of the Valley Hotel, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., the proprietor of which had so kindly placed it at Mr. Brown's disposal.

Mr. Brown, the chairman, as soon as be ordered the meeting, requested the Rev. Job Turner, of Virginia, the itinerating missionary to deaf-mutes, to open it with a prayer, which he did.

Then Mr. Brown made the opening address, and Mr. Wright, the Secretary said that he had in bank $217 belonging to this society, and Mr. Livingstone, the agent, had collected forty-six dollars for it.

After this, Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, was re-elected chairman, Mr. V. B. Wright, of Nashua, Secretary, and Mr. Almos Smith, of New Boston, Treasurer.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet then made an address suitable to the occasion.

The meeting adjourned till half-past seven o'clock P.M., with the announcement that Mr. Turner was to deliver a lecture on his Mexican travels at that hour. About seven o'clock, Messrs. Holmes and Bailey arrived at the hotel.

At the appointed hour, the unfinished business was resumed, but was soon finished. Then Mr. Turner entertained the silent audience with a lecture on what he called "What I saw in Mexico," which Dr. Gallaudet interpreted to the speaking assemblage.

On Sunday afternoon, Dr. Gallaudet spoke to the speaking people in the Presbyterian Church on the subject of deaf-mute education, while Mr. Turner discoursed on "Light" before the deaf-mute visitors in the large Sunday school room.

At two o'clock, Mr. Turner held a service in the church, in conformation with Dr. Gallaudet, for both the deaf-mute and speaking listeners put together.

After divine service, Dr. Gallaudet, assisted by Mr. Turner, administered Holy Communion to sixteen of the deaf-mute visitors.

At 7 o'clock P.M., a prayer meeting was held in the church, the Rev. Mr. Rowe, of Boxboro, Mass., opening it with prayer, and religious addresses being made by Messrs. Brown, Holmes, Bailey, Turner, Gallaudet, Rowe, Rev. Mr. Quick, the pastor of the church; Rev. Mr. Bowler, of the Methodist Church, and Miss Cole.

Rev. Mr. Quick made the concluding prayer, while Dr. Gallaudet interpreted it.

Then Mr. Holmes, of Boston, arose and made a brief speech on the subject of a charity fair about to be held in Boston for helping destitute and sick deaf-mutes.

Then the meeting adjourned *sine die*, after a very successful session. The number of deaf-mutes in attendance was about 40.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

J. W. Nash is informed that Thomas R. Stewart is in Newark, N. J.

Miss Chloe W. Childs, a former pupil at the Hartford School is now living in Iowa.

Wm. H. Terbush is now working for J. C. Brush & Co., of Newburgh, N. Y. He says he is making $18 a week.

It is gently whispered in society circles at Janesville, Wis., that Niss M. Hutton is to "step off" this month.

F. Crorken and S. Winne pupils of the New York Institution, and J. Lang, of New York City, went around visiting friends Sunday last.

William Slattery, of New York City, was astonished at the account in last week's JOURNAL that he had "shuffled off this mortal coil."

John Ward, Jr., has returned from St. John, N. B., and is now in Newark, N. J. He stopped about five days in Boston on his way home.

Miss Dora Andrews, of Shawano, Wis., has been spending the past two weeks with Miss Maggie Hutton. Dora has been taking lessons in oil painting, and paints for her own amusement.

A brass band in Iowa serenaded a member of the Legislature who is stone deaf. The fact didn't occur to them until it was all over.—*New York Daily News.*

Mr. James Mitchell, a shoemaker living in Du Bois, Ill., was married to Miss Nancy Byrant on the 25th of last month. They are both mutes of fine culture.

Elizabeth McHenry, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Du Quoin, Ill., for several weeks, returned home on the 2d inst. She looks healthy and hearty.

Lewis Callahan, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., who was a student at the Deaf-Mute College last year, while at work in a cork factory had his left forefinger almost cut off.

Josiah B. Brown, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa., met Geo. W. Davis at the old mansion, in Milton, Mass. He is a real estate broker at No. 823 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A semi-mute girl, 12 years of age, attends the Public School No. 4, of Hoboken, N. J. Her parents are afraid to send her to an institution. She is a very smart girl and can read and write pretty well. She cannot use the mute alphabet.

C. B. Shattuck, of Cohocton, N. Y., met with quite an accident recently. While riding his bicycle at a high rate of speed he ran against a stone, and was thrown to the ground, injuring himself severely and breaking his bicycle. He has fully recovered from the effects of the accident.

The semi-monthly meeting of the Twilight Union for October, will take place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Pownall, No. 336 Madison Street, Brooklyn, on next Saturday evening, the 14th inst. On this occasion the retiring and newly elected officers of the club will deliver addresses and other business will be transacted, after which a social will be enjoyed.

Alexander Goldfogle, of New York City, left the New York Institution at the outbreak of small-pox in 1875. He entered the composing room of a down town printing office as "devil." By close attention to work and other details, he has risen to the position of one of the best compositors in the office, and is earning a handsome salary He would like to hear from his former classmates. They can send their address through the JOURNAL.

There is a lady by the name of Miss Dennings living in Bloomingburgh, Ulster Co., N. Y., who has been very deaf since she was two years old. Although she has never attended a deaf and dumb institution, she is quite intelligent, and can carry on an oral conversation nearly as well as those possessed with all their senses. She also can read the lips remarkably well. She acquired her education at a hearing school in Monticello, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

On Thursday evening the 19th inst., the Manhattan Literary Association will discuss the political issues of the day, on which occasion its best debaters are expected to take a hand in the combat. The question is as follows: Resolved, "That for Governor of this State, Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, is preferable to Charles J. Folger, the Republican candidate. Now then, let the mute "short hairs," "swallow tails" and "Tammany braves," assembly in force and cheer on the champions of their man; while the "stalwarts," "half-breeds," and "feathers heads" of "the great party of moral ideas and forgery" should not be backward even if they have to push forward a "proxy" on the occasion.—*Americus.*

Mr. Shady, of New York City, a great traveller though hardly mentioned in the mute papers, lately called at an office were a mute is employed at Watertown, N. Y., and enjoyed several hours with him. He said he had just come in from the Pacific slope, where he had been taking in San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Santa Cruz etc., last summer. His graphic description of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco, was interesting and he said that the natural result of the Chinese emigration was that hundreds of whites were unemployed. The experiences and incidents of his trip across the continent, especially through Arizona and New Mexico, on his way back, were very interesting. He said he had to take good care of himself when traveling through Arizona and New Mexico, for he was liable to be shot down at any moment by those "cow boys" and other unlawful men. He is going as far as New Orleans, La., for the winter. He is a polite and smooth talker.

Rev. Thomas B. Berry will be married to Miss Ella F. Pendleton, of Manlius, N. Y., on the 19th inst.

Hiram N. Gilkison is a mute cigarmaker in Mansfield, O. He says he can make from 400 to 500 cigars a day.

Will Mr. Eugene W. Wood please send his address immediately to Mrs Frank Roberts, 111 East 124th St., New York City.

Miss Lydia Stumpff, of Buffalo, N. Y,, will not return to the Rochester School, until January, on account of the poor health of her mother.

There was a farewell tea-party given a the residence of Miss Vollbrath, of Buffalo, N. Y., just before her return to school at Rochester, N. Y.

Charles A. McKeever is now employed in New Lexington, O., with the Globe Hub and Spoke Company. He met Lester Sauers in Zanesville, O., recently.

Charles A. Webb has just returned from Missouri and Iowa. In Fort Madison Ia., he bought a fine farm of sixty acres at the rate of twenty dollars an acre.

Oliver F. Bastion, of Pittsfield, Mass., was married to Miss Emma E. Holden, of Battleboro, Mass., on the 11th. Their bridal trip took them to New York City.

On account of illness, Rev. Mr. Mann postponed his contemplated trip to St. Louis, Kansas City and Fulton. He hopes soon to renew the appointments.

Misses Cora Whittleton, Annie Fisher and Rosa Halpen were the guests of Miss Lydia Stumpff, of Buffalo, for a couple of days prior to their return to the Rochester School.

Mr. R. B. Lawrence, of Morgan City, La., asks:—"Will our esteemed friend, Mr. Booth, kindly tell us the names of the members of the National Executive Committee who met at Jacksonville, Ill., and exactly what they said?"

Mr. and Mrs. C. Lewis, of New York, while on their way to Niagara Falls, called on Mr. and Mrs. Paul Girardin. The latter were visited recently by Misses Rosa Halpen, Fisher and sister, Lydia Stumpf and sister, Lizzie Volbrath and Patrick Gough.

What has become of Fred. Hewitt? Is he still in Philadelphia, if not where is he. Rumor hath it in New York, that during the last few months he had been working at $3 a week and was saving enough to go to Chicago. Is it true? Will he or some one explain?

John B. Herman, of Buffalo, N. Y., saw Jumbo on September 11th. The next day one of his fingers was caught in a moulding machine and smashed nearly flat, but the bone was not broken. The finger is all right at present. John has a good position and saves money.

F. N. Cocagne, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., will visit Watertown, Little Falls, Utica, Rome, Buffalo, and other cities, and also Canada before December. A deaf-mute named William McGowan is boarding at his sister's. He works at unloading barges. Mr. Cocagne has a new house worth $800.

Mrs. George H. Bristol has returned home to Fort Edward, N. Y. She had a very pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, of Whitehall, N. Y. They went to Fair Haven, Vt., and met Mr. L. Edwards, a graduate of the New York Institution, who is employed in a slate manufactory at Fair Haven. They also visited the fair at Poultney, Vt.

Mr. Charles J. Peregoy, of Baltimore, Md., would be pleased if some one will inform him of Mr. R. D. Livingstone's whereabouts through the JOURNAL. If any one meets him they will confer a favor by notifying Mr. Livingstone that he must pay attention to a certain matter in relation to Mr. Peregoy.

One evening recently John B. Herman, of Buffalo, N. Y., visited Miss Jennie D. Lavery, formerly of the Culinary Department at Fanwood. Miss Lavery was invited by a friend during the summer to take a pleasure trip by sail on Lake Erie to Detroit, Port Huron, Chicago and several other places, and had a most delightful time.

Mr. Charles W. Stowell, a pupil of the New York Institution, was tendered a farewell banquet by the mutes of Buffalo, N. Y., previous to his return to school. The prime movers in the affair were Messrs. Kowald, Getsinger and Herman. It took place at Schwol Brothers, on Broadway. The above named expect to organize a society soon.

On a bright morning not long since, Edward Welch took his departure for the White Mountains. He left there for St. Johnsbury, Vt., and by invitation proceeded to Mr. Bigelow's dwelling. He thinks Mr. B. has a very pleasant home. From St. Johnsbury, he went to Rutland and visited the marble quarry works for which it is celebrated. He then left Vermont for White Hall, N. Y., and visited Mr. John Hall, who is a well-to-do farmer. Mr. Welch then left for Boston and arrived safely. He is a well known drummer and contemplates making the town again.

Mr. J. H. Winslow, a deaf-mute of this place, is quite anxious to know what the bounty on bears is. It appears that several times recently, while he has been away from home that some two young men have visited his little orchard and melon vines. As they prowl around the premises they go on all fours representing the bears, so as to frighten Mrs. Winslow and keep her in the house while they procure their plunder. If they are seen there again, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow will try and see what virtue there is in powder and shot. He thinks he can capture one. Ha says if he can, he will take him to Potsdam on exhibition.—*Potsdam, (N. Y.) Courier and Freeman.*

New Jersey Institution.

A meeting of the Trustees of the New Jersey Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was held in Trenton on Thursday, October 5th. The plans prepared by order of the Executive Committee, showing the proposed alterations in and additions to the building, were exhibited, and met the approval of the Board. After a careful inspection of the building, resolutions were adopted, directing the Executive Committee to advertise for proposals for the work of carrying out the changes shown in the plans.

Although no work will be undertaken except such as is necessary for the safety, health and convenience of the future inmates, it is improbable that the original appropriation of $15,000 will suffice to prepare the building for occupancy. No doubt, however, the legislature, at its next session, will make a further appropriation, if necessary. There is no doubt that the work will be carried on vigorously and economically, under the direction of the Executive Committee.

The grounds are looking very attractive, thanks to the care bestowed upon them through the summer by Comptroller Anderson.

Under date of October 6th, a New Jersey correspondent writes:—"I was in Lambertville yesterday and there heard that Albert Williamson, one of the young pupils of the New York Institution, died just before the opening of the fall term. He had been suffering nearly all summer from a tumor in one of his ears, and his parents took him to Philadelphia to be operated on, which was done; but he died shortly after they brought him home. I think he was one of Mr. Jewell's boys at the mansion house. His uncle committed suicide only a short time ago on account of his (uncle) growing old, blind and deaf, which so preyed upon his mind that he shot himself through the brain."

BOSTON NOTES.

Circumstances beyond my control prevented me from writing Boston notes to the JOURNAL since I wrote last.

I noticed an article in your issue of the 21st ultimo, which caused me much amusement and reflection. Perhaps 1882 years ago, this might have been credited, but to tell us intelligent people of the 18th century that a person 13 years old who could speak by having his hearing restored to him, is a very ridiculous thing. I am not unmindful of the fate which is awaiting the unbelievers, but nevertheless I know that should my hearing be restored to me I could not utter a word unless I had previously learnt them. I am convinced that speech is a mechanical art, and not a gift from God, that people are only learned to talk after years of patient practice. Therefore, that a boy, 13 years old, could speak by having his hearing restored to him, is as absurd as it is that a bird can fly without wings.

Last Thursday evening, the deaf-mutes of this city were invited to the exhibition, at the Horticultural Hall, of the characters represented in a play called the "Passion." The machinery was worked by clock motion, and was very nicely and wonderfully executed. For the benefit of those of your readers, I will say the play is a religious one. It shows the birth and the death of the Saviour, including the journeys of his father and mother to and from Bethlehem, the Lord's last supper; how he was betrayed by Judas, his march with the cross to Mount Calvary, and also his crucifixion and death. It was very nicely explained by the gentleman in charge. The mutes thanked their lucky stars that they were fortunate to have Miss Carrie Lynde act as interpreter for them.

Mrs. William Lynde will go to Albany to-morrow morning to be gone about three weeks to visit her sister, whom she has not seen for the past ten years.

Mr. Fred Littlefield enjoyed himself hugely while at Newcastle, N. H., with Mr. Frank Roberts. He returned home a few days ago.

Mr. Roberts and his father's family returned to town from their summer residence yesterday, so the boys say.

Among the visitors in Boston are Miss Leach, of Staten Island, N. Y., and Mr. Palmer, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College. They heve made the acquaintance of many mutes, and also have been having good times in the city and around the beautiful suburbs. They are convinced that the Hub is cleaner and nicer than any city they ever visited.

R. D. Livingstone was in Boston and has gone to parts unknown. He seems to lead a very easy life.

One of the sensations is the railroad war between the Eastern and the Revere Beach Roads, running from Boston to Lynn. The reduced fare is five cents from twenty five cents. All persons are taking the advantage of it, mutes included. Many mutes came Lynn to-day to attend divine worship.

We have had a very exciting political contest in the 6th Congressional district. The number of delegates 105; necessary for choice 53. For 114 ballots Lodge of Nahant 39; Converse, of Malden, 32; Davis, of Lynn, 17; Frost, of Chelsea, 18. The Chairman ordered another ballot, when the editor of the *Bunker Hill Times* (who was a Lodge man) rose and said they took 127 ballots and have accomplished nothing. He moved therefore that Henry Calbot Lodge be made the nominee of this convention by acclamation. The motion was received with jeers and hisses and cries of "sit down," "he ought to know better," and other manifestations of extreme disapproval, in the midst of which that delegate withdrew his motion and the balloting continued. The Committee on ballots returned with the result of the 130th ballot, and a converse delegate declared Converse had 55, and was elected. It was made unaminous. As the last figure left his lips, a shout went up that must have roused the sleepers in the neighboring dwellings, while delegates tossed bundles of ballots high in the air, and danced themselves tired, and shouted and cheered themselves hoarse. E. W. Frisbee was much interested, his father being a delegate. Young Frisbee remained all night at the Convention, and was much excited when the final vote was declared. "The Fighting Sixth" will be its name in future. GYMNAST.

BOSTON, October 8, 1882.

Notices.

Deaf-mutes of Albany, Troy and vicinity, are invited to St. Paul's chapel, Madison Street, Albany, for the Holy Communion, Sunday, October 15th, at 10:30 A.M., and also to the 2:30 P.M. service at St. Paul's Church, Lancaster Street. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will officiate.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is expected to lecture to the Troy Deaf-Mute Deaf-Mute Club on Saturday evening, October 14th.

FANWOOD.

Always be Prompt.

F. L. A. ELECTION

AUTUMN LEAVES.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

In point of intelligence, the pupils of Fanwood rank as high as those connected with any institution in the world, notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertion of old graduates that "all the wisdom vanished with their departure." We cherish a kindly remembrance for our old graduates (we will soon be classed as one), but we also cherish the most profound contempt for the above stereotyped expression.

At Fanwood, as in all large boarding schools, there is to be found a number of mischievous youngsters who delight in creating disturbances and making themselves a nuisance generally. They consider it a mark of strong will to break the rules, in order to impress their companions with the fact that there is "nothing soapy about them." To be late at chapel, school or work, is fashionable, and is also intended to give the instructor to understand that his or her authority is not considered of sufficient importance to be implicitly obeyed; and furthermore, do not the other pupils look upon them with admiration, and marvel at their "courage?"

Now, boys, you make a sad mistake. No one views such proceedings with wonder or admiration. All violations of the rules are summarily punished, as you have found to your cost. You gain nothing whatever; you lose much. A youth who early fosters this habit of being irregular because it is "smart," generally grows up a man upon whom no dependence can be placed—and who deserves none. A lad who makes it a practice to be the last in the shop in the morning, improves less than his more prompt and faithful companions. A foreman by long intercourse, learns the individual trait of character of each apprentice, and feels a fatherly interest in the progress of all, but with all his zeal he is incapable of preventing the loss of a great deal of knowledge on the part of the laggard. The prompt workman in every well regulated office or shop always makes the most money and gets the best work. "First come, first served," is the business motto, and those who are in quest of knowledge needs must observe it to the letter to be at all successful.

Remember this, boys. Obey the rules, and win the confidence and esteem of your instructors. Be prompt in all things, and you will receive the reward which fortune always bestows on those who comply with her demands.

The election of the Institution Society's officers is always preceded by excitement among the pupils. This year, the liveliest enthusiasm was manifest for two weeks previous to the event, and speculation as to who the probable candidates for office would be, furnished them with an agreeable theme for discussion. The majority favored the election of a teacher for President, they very wisely deciding that by such an arrangement the affairs of the Association would be conducted with more benefit to themselves than if a pupil occupied the chief executive position. However, the nominating committee omitted to consult their convenience, and the following ticket was announced in the chapel at seven o'clock, Saturday evening last:

For President, Wm. Ennis; 1st Vice-President, Chas. Stowell; 2d Vice-President, Walter Bingham; Secretary, F. Crorken; Treasurer, R. B. Lloyd; Librarian, E. H. Currier; Readers, W. Shanks, A. L. Thomas, U. G. Dunn; Directors, W. G. Jones, E. Smith, E. A. Hodgson, H. D. Reaves.

When about to commence the balloting, Jas. B. Lloyd mounted the rostrum and said he opposed the election of a pupil for President, and suggested a teacher. Dr. Peet said all the teachers had signified their intention of declining to serve in the event of their election. The name of Supervisor Howell was then proposed, and was well received. He was elected on the third ballot by a majority of 14.

Mr. Stowell then said Mr. Howell could not possibly accept, owing to his numerous duties.

Profs. Reaves and Mann were then bulletined as candidates. The last named gentleman, being present, made a few remarks which, in substance, were that he was not willing to accept. Prof. Reaves was then voted President by acclamation.

Very little opposition was made to the other candidates, except for the office of Secretary, which was captured by an overwhelming majority by Geo. Porter.

Jas. B. Llyod was elected a Director in place of Prof. Reaves.

Following are the officers elected: President, H. D. Reaves; 1st Vice-President, William Ennis; 2d Vice-President, C. W. Stowell; Secretary, Geo. S. Porter; Treasurer, R. B. Lloyd; Librarian, E. H. Currier; Directors, Jas. B. Lloyd, C. Q. Mann, E. Smith, W. G. Jones, E. A. Hodgson.

The readers will be appointed by the Directors.

ELECTIONEERINGS.

"Chip" had a very narrow escape. He would have been President—if they had elected him.

Considerable "wire pulling" was manifest 'tween the acts.

A "Stalwart" lobbyist on the rear seat on the fair sex side appeared to be in instant communication with every girl by an electric battery. Each time her hand went up to cast a vote, a mushroom resurrection of white, shapely fingers followed *en masse.*

A couple of solitary "carpet baggers" supported the regular nominee for Secretary with a determination born of "nowhereness."

The "Tammany braves"—*i.e.*, those who desired a pupil President—turned white about the gills immediately upon observing the Civil Service Reform movement, and glared defiance at the "bolters."

The system of applause was perfect and terrific in its results. All are familiar with the music that can be ground out of a deaf-mute's boot heels.

The meeting adjourned at half-past nine, amid a volley of "I told you so's."

The result gave the majority satisfaction—the minority the stomach-ache. Paregoric is in order for the latter.

COBWEBS.

Owing to illness, Miss Montgomery, one of our supervisors, has been unable to attend to her duties for the past week or two.

The awful responsibilities attendant to the life of a chromo card agent, rests heavily upon the diminutive shoulders of thirteen-year-old Frank Houck.

Wm. J. Reilly and Edward Dunlap rambled blithely around the walks Sunday, as also did the redoubtable shoemaker, Chas. O'Brien.

Nine "green 'uns" have invaded the sacred precincts of the printing office. Dismay and melancholy is depicted upon the countenance of every "fair faced letter" in the place.

Our new man-of-all-work devotes most of his evenings to drawing, and is said to be quite an adept in the art. Genius won't be smothered.

The boys have commenced discussing politics. "Oh, for a wilderness in some wild lodge" until after election day!

Hampers from home will soon win the recipients hosts of friends. Affluence draws us by a single tart.

A peculiar and original game of cricket is epidemic among the juveniles.

Alex L. Pach puffed cigarettes on the grounds Sunday last.

Mrs. Totten, who boards with Prof. Jones, is visiting friends in Brooklyn. She expects to return next week.

Saturday afternoon pilgrimages after apples and nuts are in vogue among the boys. Evening returns, *minus* trousers seats, are also prevalent.

Miss Georgia Decker returned to school Friday last. She was warmly greeted by her many friends.

A one hour lecture on science or art is delivered in rotation by the teachers in the chapel, every afternoon at the close of school.

Several lady officers connected with the Administrative Department and a few of our High Class girls arose at 4 A.M. Monday last to pay their respects to the aerial visitor—Sir Comet.

Mr. John Bennet, of Jersey, preached an interesting sermon in the chapel Sunday afternoon last.

Thomas Foran, who left here for the House of Refuge thirteen years ago, dropped in on Sunday.

Miss Emily Ludwig, looking much benefitted by her trip to Thomaston, Ct., whiled away a few hours here on the 8th inst.

Several of the female pupils partook of Holy Communion at the Washington Heights Presbyterian Church, Rev. Chas. A. Stoddard Pastor, Sunday evening last. Dr. Peet interpreted.

Mr. Deveraux, of the State Board of Charities, visited us on the 9th.

Mr. James E. Doran and wife, of Syracuse, N. Y., both graduates of the School, in company with Willie Wells, a papil of the Rome School, visited us on Tuesday afternoon. The grand parents of young Wells reside in this city. Mr. Doran said Nye Brown had left the plow factory and is now working in a boot and shoe manufactory.

The brother of Prof. Jenkins died the fore part of the week. The funeral took place on Wednesday.

James H. Caton is a member of the High Class, and enjoys all the privileges accorded to the other members.

CHIP.

RESOLUTIONS.

At the meeting of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission, held at Hillsborough Bridge, N. H., October 7th, 1882, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from us Mrs. John Tillinghast; Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the deepest sympathy of the "Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission" be extended to the husband and the motherless children in their affliction.

Resolved, That its Secretary be requested to send this to John T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mass.

THOMAS BROWN,
Chairman.

WEST HENNIKER, October 9, 1882.

COLUMBUS.

Impending Changes.

TEACHERS' MEETING

Other Items of Interest.

(From our regular Correspondent)

Things here are sifting rapidly towards a great event. Would that human band could stay and avert the impending change! The dread consists not in the change itself as much as it does in the going away of the central figure, around which have sprung associations dear and grown ties of friendship strong, and which are henceforth only to live in cherished memory, for the parting will come, and we must submit to the inevitable. Mr. Fay long ago betook himself to the land of steady habits, now Mr. Perry and two more are about to retire far away beyond the great Mississippi, and how soon and in what directions the others may go, we can not open the windows of the future. Ah, such is life; but the School—our noble Institution, may she stand and remain century after century a beacon light to the benighted deaf and dumb children.

A Teachers' Meeting was had on Monday evening of last week in the library room. Nearly a full attendance was present. After the reading of the minutes of the proceedings of the last meeting held in the latter part of May, 1882, the first thing in order was the election of a secretary, and Miss Clara Reed was unanimously chosen. A committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. J. M. Park, Matt. G. Raffington and Miss Sarah Noyes, to whom were intrusted the duty of selecting an appropriate subject to present at the next meeting for discussion two weeks thereafter. The propriety of creating another branch of industry—that of drawing, the discussion of which occupied a good part of the hour, was by an unanimous vote commended to the consideration of the Board of Trustees, and there is not the least doubt that in due time the Board will take favorable action in the matter and furnish the Institution with a special teacher of drawing, so that pupils who show especial or natural talent for this art, will be formed into classes and receive instruction in the work outside school hours. Mr. Stewart obtained the floor and asked leave to make one or two remarks about letter-writing, which, upon its taking an interesting turn, was laid over until the next meeting for further discussion. Mr. Greener was called up, and gave an interesting account of his observations in the Illinois schoolrooms, and he was followed by Mr. Haskins, after which the meeting was declared adjourned until October 16th.

Under what seductive influences they were, it is not so important as stating the fact that two of our small pupils took it into their heads to have a night saunter about the city on Sunday of last week. After a long tramping, which lasted into the small hours of the morning (two o'clock), they were picked up by the police and put in the lock up for safe-keeping. About ten o'clock A.M., the towering form of supervisor Flenniken appeared at the jail, and the naughty little fellows were trotted home in very short order.

The smiling face of Mrs. Samuel W. Flenniken has been "everywhere" within the Institution for the past few days. Her two sons, Lewis and Frank, are supervisors of the boys here.

A case of "nearly drowned" has since come to light. It occurred during the summer vacation, not a hundred miles from Columbus. The party is no other than one of our own lady teachers. It seems that she, in company with selected friends, went boating on the lake. While upon the waters returning and making for the shore, there was following in their wake a small steamer which rapidly gained upon them. The lady in question, who is of a highly nervous or excitable temperament, became thoroughly frightened lest the steamer should swamp their little boat and drown them all. Suddenly over board she went, thinking she would touch the bottom and be able to clamber up on the bank. Her calculations were at fault, for down into the deep she disappeared, and but for the brave exertions of a gallant young man, she would have found a watery grave. What will be the denouement of this heroic affair, deponent doth not pretend to know.

Finley Davis, of Class '65, was up to the Institution on Friday last week, on a visit. He said he came to make up for his absence from the late Reunion. Pressure of business in the hub and spoke factory where he works at Dalton, O., about eight miles from Springfield, O., prevented his attendance at that time. He returned on a Sunday night train.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldman, of Dayton, O., celebrated their silver-wedding on the 10th of September last. They received from admiring friends many remembrances in the line of handsome and costly silverware. They have a son who was educated at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

As foreshadowed in a late issue of the JOURNAL, Mr. Jacob Showalter, of Van Wert, O., and Miss Ella B. Myers, of Columbus Grove, O., were married on the 5th of October, at the residence of the bride's aunt. Superintendent Perry went down, and helped in an effective and graceful manner to tie the knots for the two waiting hearts. Now that they have launched forth upon the ocean of a new life, we sincerely wish them a long, happy and prosperous voyage. After a brief wedding tour, the contracted parties returned to the home of the groom where they will reside for the present.

F. C. Sessions and wife are expected back home from Europe to-day (Saturday, 7th,) or on Monday following, in which event a meeting of the Board of Trustees will be had at once during the week, to act on important Institution matters.

Mrs. Addie J. Vance, on her homeward return from the late Reunion here, has been alighting at various places. At Springfield, O., she staid several days, dividing her visiting time between Miss Bogle and Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge; and thence to Dayton where, for a week, she became the guest of Mrs. Mann, and improving the occasion, she called on Mrs. M. A. Paullin, and next visited the Soldiers' Home. She also spent one day with her friend, Mrs. Goldman, who took great pride in showing her the valuable presents she and her husband had received on the occasion of their late silver wedding. Mrs. Vance is a Kentucky lady of many accomplishments, which bespeaks a good word for her *Alma Mater*, the Kentucky Institution. Mr. and Mrs. Vance now reside in Cincinnati, having since moved across the Ohio River into the city from Newport, Ky.

Miss Coggeshall, our other teacher of articulation, has made her appearance at last. She tripped in on Monday of last week, looking suberb—having left behind her all traces of her late illness

Miss Cora A. Smith, of Class '82, who has been vainly endeavoring to establish, or connect herself with some business, permanently, in this city, ever since the day of her graduation, left Columbus last week to rejoin her relatives in Michigan, her old home. She also tried to get a position as a teacher in this Institute. Once the place sought her; that was before Mr. Fay left. It was, however, declined, as she said she then desired first to complete a finished course of education.

Mrs. Mann, of Dayton, O., and Mrs. Paullin, of Philadelphia, visited the Exposition at Cincinnati not long ago, and while there were the guests of Mrs. Joseph Vance.

"Swapping horses" while crossing a deep stream is a highly hazardous performance, and inexpressibly so if the "swappers" happen to be ladies. Such a daring instance has the Ohio Institution furnished—in another sense. Miss. Carrie M. Feasley and Miss Clara B. Reed have been exchanging places in their classes. This performance took place a week ago on Sunday afternoon. Henceforth Miss Reed may be found in 9th Primary Room on "B" floor, and Miss Feasley at Room 13th Primary, down stairs in the Blue Hall.

They have completed the new brick tunnel that has been in course of construction in a westerly direction from the Book Bindery Shop, connecting with the old one, which runs north from the east end of the School building. Through this tunnel will be introduced many steam pipes, and still leave room for the engineer to enter in case of breakage and leakage.

Mrs. James M. Park went to Cincinnati last week, and among other things visited the Exposition.

Very large photographs representing a full group of the graduates who were here at the late re-union, are being forwarded by Mr. Lewis Flenniken to those who had left orders for the same with him.

Messrs. Joseph Vance and John Barrick, both of Cincinnati, recently availed themselves of a Sunday excursion into the country as far as Elizabethtown, Ohio, and there the force of sudden recollections impelled them to gravitate towards the home of their mutual friend, Miss Mary E. Guard. Mr. Vance is a benedict, while just at present Mr. Barrick still walks a young bachelor.

In the rear of the brick barn of this institution, about twenty feet apart, there is going up the new brick ice-house, as a separate and distinct building, instead of as a part as heretofore intimated. It will front on the alley and side by Washington Avenue. The other new building (running in one continuous row just behind the book-binding shop, and further past about thirty or thirty-five feet) is now completely under slate roof. They are finishing off the ground floor. We are of the opinion that a good part of this latter building will be ready for occupation after the middle of November next.

We take the following from the Columbus Evening *Dispatch* of the 3d inst., which is further in reference to the deaf and dumb incendiary:

"The trial of Charles Davis, the deaf-mute charged with arson, was set for this morning before the Mayor. After the disposal of the regular docket, Davis was brought into court. He is a diminutive specimen of humanity, and looks scarcely as old as he really is. Mr. Lou Flenniken, of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, was present to act as interpreter. The only witnesses examined for the State were Frank Lind and Louis Ruetty, who testified solely in relation to Davis' attempt to fire the picture frame store of August Ruetty, 161 East Friend, all the material facts of which have already been printed in this paper.

"Mr. Flenniken was requested to ask Davis if he was at Ruetty's place at the time mentioned. The boy, with the quick perception of the question, nodded assent. The next question was as to what he was doing there, but to this question repeated attempts by the interpreter failed to elicit a response, the lad apparently having become suddenly frightened and putting his arm in front of his face as if to cry.

"The Mayor said he was satisfied that the boy ought to go to the Reform School, and he would therefore continue further proceedings pending effort to have him sent there.

"Captain Stoker states that Mr. Flenniken had an interview with Davis last evening at which the lad confessed that the firing of the Hayden stable was his own work, in connection with his brother, now at the Institution for Deaf and Dumb. Although the younger brother is by this confession implicated, it is not known that any steps will be taken toward apprehending him, inasmuch as he is so young and has not shown such a vicious disposition."

Under the head of "Police News" in the same paper of the 7th inst., we find as follows:

Charles Davis, the deaf-mute charged with arson, came into court this morning and pleaded guilty of setting fire to Hayden's stable, and the Mayor bound him over to the Common Pleas Court in the sum of $100. This being a conviction, the way now is clear to send the lad to the Reform School. In the City Prison he keeps up a perpetual howling. Though unable to articulate an intelligent sentence, he can make himself heard a square away, while totally unable to hear himself.

Our bereaved matron, Mrs. Rose returned on Monday at midnight, looking very much resigned to her new allotment of life. "Man proposes, but God disposes," was never more illustrated than in her case. It has been known for some time among her friends that it was her intention to sever all official connection with the Institution in December next, and retire to Missouri and resume home associations and scenes. But He who rules the Universe so wisely, (and if we may interpret rightly its meaning) has ordained that she shall devote the remainder of her active life to the further moulding of beautiful characters in the children who are and may hereafter be committed to her motherly care.

The successor to Mr. Perry as Superintendent of the Ohio Institution, though not yet definitely settled, it is nevertheless sufficiently hinted, and broad enough as to leave no room for doubt that the fortunate gentleman, (and whose opportunity we shall all hail with delight and welcome,) will be no other than CHARLES W. ELY, at present principal of the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Mr. Ely was a teacher here from 1864 to 1870.

NUMBER TWELVE.

COLORADO.

DEAR EDITOR MUTES' JOURNAL:—I will, with your permission, try and write you a few lines for the benefit of your many readers. Denver is the only place that I know of where more than one deaf-mute resides permanently. There are only thirty deaf-mutes attending school at the Colorado Institute, but all reside in different cities. Of course it is apparent that they live a weary life, and I suggest that some of the mutes in the East should pick up some of their courage and come out here so some of us could enjoy their company and besides we would appreciate it. They would have no trouble in getting good work and good wages. There are very few mutes from the East who have came out here to remain permanently. I am aware that quite a number of mutes have come out to this country and only stayed a few weeks, and started back again without trying to get work. I feel how weak my words are, and do not think it will induce any of the mutes to come out here.

Mr. P. W. Downing, the new Principal of the Institution, is an energetic and excellent teacher, and will undoubtedly prove satisfactory to the Board.

Mr. O. H. J. Kennedy is the only deaf-mute on this side of the Mississippi River, who is engaged in the dairy business. He boasts of having the best cattle and horses, and of also raising the best vegetables in the state.

I am pleased to state that Mr. Johnny P. Deise, who was educated in the Philadelphia Institution, is still alive and enjoying frontier life. He has learned the printing trade since he came out here, and we call him our old typographical friend. He is working in Montrose, on the *Messenger*.

A Correction.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your New York correspondent must have been bewitched of his senses by the beauty and intelligence of the young ladies present at the last meeting of the Twilight Union, or he would never have made such an elaborate effusion of his brains as that which appeared in the last issue of your paper. He says I drew up the NEW constitution and by-laws of the Union. Indeed! This is astonishing news, and still more astonishing the honor (such as it is) he confers upon me. Now, my dear sir, with all respect due to a fellow-member, allow me to say I DID NOTHING OF THE KIND, I had no hand in their foundation whatever. They were drafted by a committee of three members of the club shortly after it was organized, and have been in full force ever since. As for printing them, I have doubts whether it will be done; at least not before they are revised and corrected, which they badly need.

Yours sincerely,
GEORGE L. REYNOLDS.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 6, 1882.

GEO. W. SCHUTT'S APPOINTMENTS.

Lansingburgh, - - - Oct. 15th.
Poughkeepsie, - - - " 22th.
Newburgh, - - - - - " 29th.
New York City, St. Ann's Church, November 5th.

THE ORAL SYSTEM.

What a Philadelphia Paper Said of it.

THE OTHER SIDE.

There are a good many people who cling obstinately to the belief that the so-called deaf and dumb are entirely incapable of speech. They cannot be made to realize that the affliction of the unfortunate mutes is total deafness, which precludes their knowledge of sound and the value of articulation in lieu of signs for making known their wants and desires. The above conception appears to have been universal until the beginning of the present century, at which period certain wide-thinking men in Europe, particularly in Germany and Italy, became possessed with the idea that the deaf could be taught to speak. It is possible their thoughts were led in this direction by the recitals of miracles said to have been performed in ancient days, or of wonderful deeds wrought by alleged magicians in the Middle Ages, which restored speech to the dumb. However, whatever the impulses were which prompted their ideas, it is certain they devoted themselves heart and soul to their benevolent enterprise and became the means of restoring many unfortunates to the society of their fellow-men.

Gesture was the original language of men. Speech can only have arrived after a certain epoch of being had been passed. The faculty of of hearing was undoubtedly possessed by primitive men, but value of articulation and its active association with sight was only learned by degrees. Signs at best are imperfect and liable to misinterpretation, and it was doubtless the latter fact which led to the organization of different sounds or words as a means of intercourse between human beings. Sound, however, is apparently useless to persons devoid of hearing, but to enable them to partake with freedom of the society of their unfflicted fellow-creatures the power of emitting sound is most desirable, for the obvious reason that the vast majority of mankind exchange thought through speech and not by gesture. Therefore a system which enables congenital mute to speak and no longer confines them to a sign-language, which almost made them a race apart, is an inestimable boon to them. To describe the origin, growth and methods of teaching of the deaf language would infringe too largely on the space afforded a newspaper article, but the oral system for mutes can be seen in active operation by any person who calls at the Oral School for the Deaf, on the southeast corner of Seventeenth and Chestnut streets. Miss Emma Garrett, a graduate of the School of Vocal Physiology, Boston, and a lady who is a most ardent supporter of the oral system, has charge of the school. It was opened last October with funds provided by the Pine Street Deaf and Dumb Institution as an experiment only, for active controversy exists between sign and oral teachers of the deaf. The Pine Street Institution still abides by the old theory, the sign language for mutes; whether it will continue to do so after the brilliant results achieved by Miss Garrett is a matter of curious supposition.

TEACHING MUTES TO SPEAK.

Yesterday a reporter of the *Press* was present at the school during the attendance of the forty or more deaf children, who receive daily instruction at the hands of Miss Garrett and her sisters who act as assistants. The long room was bright and cheerful with plants and colored prints, and excepting in the fixed manner in which the pupils watch the lips of the teachers, the first impression of the scene was that which would be produced at the sight of any infant school. Miss Garrett imparted her instruction in identically the same manner as she would have done had the children possessed hearing faculties, except that she conveyed to them the value of sound through the eye instead of by the ear. She and her sisters sat by the least advanced children, in turn, and with the aid of hand-mirrors, one in the hand of the teacher and the other in that of the pupil, drew attention to the formation of the lips in articulating syllabic sounds. Say that the word "ball" was the sound being taught. The pupils would put their lips in position and by degrees omit the correct sound; in some instances being taught to give the proper emphasis to the breath by a feather being placed in front of their mouths so that they could perceive the force of the air current. Then a real ball would be taken by the teacher, or else a print of a ball shown to the pupil, and the latter would readily understand that the sound he had just learned denoted the round object to which his attention was directed. Consequently if in the future he desired a ball from some hearing person he would make his desire known by articulating the word "ball" even though the action to him appeared to be only a contraction of the lips and an injection of the breath. He would feel assured of his request being understood; while on the other hand were he to denote something round with his fingers he might be presented with an orange or some other circular substance. Perhaps Miss Garrett's own words will best convey a description of the oral system of teaching the deaf to speak:

"I have now double the number of pupils in my school than when I began last October. In the nine months' teaching—two months' were vacation—I have had no failures with my pupils. I have only discerned the same difference in ability that is seen in hearing children; some learn more rapidly than others. I have three classes; those who have been with me since the beginning being naturally further advanced than those who came later, who compose the second class. The third class consists of new pupils, beginners.

MRS. GARRETT'S SUCCESS.

"The general age is from six to ten years. The first class speak intelligibly and use intelligently several hundred words in nine months tution only. They can write and spell correctly the majority of these words; they can read, write and understand many sentences from our lips, count up to one hundred, are able to name any figure up to one hundred to which you may point, and to calculate such questions as "How many are 20 and 3 and 7? In this mental arithmetic exercise they read the question from the teacher's lips, then calculate it, then speak the answer, then write the question and answer in correct spelling, tolerable script and correct pronunciation. I believe there are many hearing children who have not made so much progress during their first school year, and every one of the little people in the class was born a congenital mute except two boys who lost the faculty of hearing prior to the age of eighteen months. The second class is rapidly progressing in the steps of the first. The third class, or lately arrived pupils, who speak from ten to thirty words, count up to ten, write the numbers from one to ten from the teacher's lips, and some can do a few simple calculations. They also articulate and read from the teacher's lips the syllables which are the preparation for speech and lip-reading. From the beginning we talk to them just the same as if they could hear, and they consequently understand more than they can articulate, just as a hearing baby who is learning to talk understands for a long time more than it can say. I find that as soon as the children realize that they are being taught to talk and communicate with their fellows as others do, and they are being made like hearing children, it rouses their ambition and enthusiasm, which of course is a great help to us."

"I have so firm a belief in the oral system," continued Miss Garrett, "that I think there is no height of culture to which a deaf person cannot aspire. Maurice Kœchlin, a congenital mute, of Lyons, France, having been carefully instructed in the oral system, subsequently passed a viva voce examination for the degree of Bachelor of Letters in the university of his native city. Also, a Mr. Farrar, of England, took lessons in classics and mathematics at the Cambridge local examination, and afterward successfully matriculated in the University of London. These instances materially tend to prove the capacity of oral instruction for the deaf. You observe I never say dumb, because I only regard absence of speech in mutes as an undeveloped faculty."

"How is it that opposition to the oral system exists among teachers of deaf-mutes, Miss Garrett?

"I am at a loss to understand," was the reply. "Some affirm it is unpleasant to listen to a deaf person's speech. I am sure some of the signs used by deaf persons who are mute, are equally unpleasant and startling. For myself I cannot comprehend why the sign system, which confines the deaf to the society of the similarly afflicted, can possibly be superior to a method of instruction which virtually relieves the deaf and dumb of one-half of their misfortune—dumbness. I look upon the opposition in the same light as the advocates of gas and steam regarded the conservative old fogies fifty years ago, who were loath to substitute gas-jets and railroads for oil-lamps and stage-coaches. It is simply a matter of time."

The following is in reply to the foregoing:—

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 28, 1882.
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR:—Allow me, in justice to an important educational system which deeply concerns the 30,000 deaf-mutes of the United States, to make the following comments on an article, headed "Speech for Mutes," which appeared in a late Sunday's issue of the Philadelphia *Press*.

The exaggerated and misleading statements of the article in question created much surprise among the teachers and officers of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The "brilliant results achieved" by the pupils of Miss Garrett's "Pure Oral School" are rather dingy to the professional eye, however clear to the unprofessional one; and as these "results" not only concern the deaf of our day, but also those of generations to come, the further importance of the article on "Speech for Mutes" can hardly be estimated, because the subject of which it treats may either be the boon or ruin of a class of people whose loss of hearing requires all the more the nicest discrimination in the choice of a system for their education.

Being deaf myself, but with a small acquirement of speech, I was naturally much interested in the article, and subsequently visited the 17th Street Oral School for the Deaf. I found there about forty pupils, with five teachers. The first class, on which so much praise was lavished, I was told, consisted of eight pupils, and among them I observed Harry Gunkel, a bright boy who was under my instruction (by signs) ten months before his connection with the Oral School, and for nearly four months afterwards. In the same class, I noticed three other boys who had received about four month's previous instruction from me; also there was one in the second class whom I had taught the same length of time. Bearing these facts in mind, it is not difficult to explain how it is that this part of the first class have learned to "use intelligibly several hundred words, to write and spell correctly the majority of these words," "count up to one hundred," and "are able to name any figure up to one hundred to which you may point," "*in nine months only*."

In discussing the merits and demerits of the so-called "Pure Oral System," or any other system for the instruction of the deaf, a newspaper column is no place to do justice to the subject, for in the matter of educating the deaf and dumb the true philosophy of success lies in the greatest good for the greatest number, and this we believe is found in the "Combined System," which may be briefly described as a blending of the French and German methods. The French employ natural and artificial signs; the German system uses articulation and lip-reading, but, quoting from D. Hirsch, of Rotterdam, an able advocate of the German system, he says: "It employs very certainly, in its instruction, natural signs; and natural signs it is true, are the first means of communication between the instructor and the pupils." So, also, "the German school judges that in religious instruction, natural signs ought not to be abandoned as immediately as in the other branches of instruction, and *it employs them consequently a longer time*."

The so-called "Pure Oral Method" explains itself. It finds its chief supporters in Italy and "the Pereire Society," (*la Societe Pereire*) an association, according to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, "established some years since in Paris for the purpose of securing the recognition of Pereire as the first teacher of deaf-mutes in France, and to bring about the general adoption of the oral method, which was practised by Pereire." The Pereire Society and the Pereire School for Deaf-Mutes, for the past few years have been very liberally supplied with large sums of money from the great-grandsons of Pereire, who are united in a very wealthy banking firm.

Great Britain, America, and many French schools maintain the superiority of the "Combined System," and so do the majority of the educated deaf the world over.

The "Pure Oral Method" is well known to the educators of the deaf in the United States, but to those outside the institutions it is quite a novelty; and it is the province of novelty either to excite a feeling of disgust or admiration. These feelings usually go to extremes and indicate neither the presence nor absence of merit, but usually a great deal of ignorance. The introduction of gas and steam, so happily referred to, illustrates the struggle of their advocates with the "conservative old fogies of fifty years ago," and the attempt to introduce that beautiful vulcanized toy "fan" of caoutchouc, better known as the audiphone or dentaphone, — where is *the thing* now?—just as beautifully illustrates the opposite power of novelty to produce un-merited commendation. Miss Garrett should not be so unmindful that her so-called pure oral system for one and *all* of her deaf pupils, in the estimation of the initiated hearing world, ranks, in the light of novelty, with the black rubber "fan," whose future universal or local use, "is a matter of curious supposition."

In upholding the supposed pre-eminence of her system, Miss Garrett counts on her thumbs when she speaks of such illustrious products of that system in the persons of "Mau rice Kœchlin, of Lyons, France, and Mr. Farrar, of England." The writer has neither enough thumbs and fingers nor the space to mention the names of celebrated and highly educated deaf persons who have been trained under the French and Combined methods.

No wonder she says, in a recent paper, that "she never understood why our institutions throughout the country are called combined." Beyond the knowledge of the single or double-hand alphabet, she is not acquainted with the sign-language, which acquaintance it seems to me is very essential to a proper understanding of that method of instruction. And it is a matter of risky speculation whether her three years' experience as teacher of vocal physiology to deaf-mutes, has given her one-tenth the intimate and important association with deaf-mutes enjoyed by the writer, whose opportunities as pupil and teacher in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and as a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, have been such as to give him a wide and numerous personal acquaintance with the best educated deaf in the country, including, among others, Mr. George C. Sawyer, a son of Ex-United States Senator Sawyer, of South Carolina, and said to be one of the very best graduates of the Northampton, Mass., Oral School for the Deaf,—a gentleman who now swims in a sea of signs with all the natural ease and grace of one educated under the hated sign method.

In the education of the deaf, the writer wishes Miss Garrett the fullest success: but when she claims to be able by her method to reach all classes of deaf-mutes, she steps beyond the bounds of past experience and enters upon a task which we feel warranted in saying will, except with semi-mutes and a *very* few congenital mutes, prove in every case otherwise than beneficial as far as the acquirement of a sound education is concerned; and in her efforts to break down a system which has enlightened the minds and reached the hearts of thousands of deaf-mutes, she cannot expect to receive any sympathy from the experienced instructors of the deaf in America or Great Britain, nor from the deaf-mutes themselves, who in many cases know what is best for them, and should, as in the writer's own case, have a voice in the matter.

If any of our readers should feel further interested in what the combined system has done and is doing, a visit to any institution for the deaf and dumb where that system is employed, would well repay them, and if higher results of the system are looked for, we respectfully refer them to the achievements won by the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C.

JEROME T. ELWELL.

North-western Pennsylvania Items

EDITOR JOURNAL:—No doubt the New York mutes will be pleased to learn what has become of Mr. Samuel A. Taber, of Scipio, N. Y. He is now called a "Great-Grandpa," but he looks young yet. Every one who goes to the Empire Convention next summer, had better shake hands with him in honor of being Great-Grandpa. He made an extended trip in the west and to his two elder brothers and his daughter, and then paid a very pleasant visit to his granddaughter's child, just two weeks old. Taber is mighty proud of it. It is a boy, and ought to be named after him, the writer thinks. On his way homeward, he stopped at Lundy's Lane, Pa., to make a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Burwell, the latter being his sister. She was glad to have Mr. Taber come up there, though she had not seen him for five years. He is really her favorite brother. At the time Miss Effie Parker was there, as the guest of Mrs. Burwell, and had the pleasure of meeting him again. They had been acquainted with each other before. Mr. and Mrs. Burwell and Miss Parker enjoyed his company hugely, but they were sorry that his stay was very short. He said he must go home to see to things on his farm, but we understood that he was awful home sick and wished so bad to see his little wife. September 26th, Mrs. Burwell, Mr. Taber and Effie took the train to Erie, Pa., to be present at the fair, and had a good time. At night Mr. Taber started for Scipio. It is my belief that he arrived home all right, and his wife stood at the door impatiently on her tip toe to look over the road to see if he was coming.

Effie took Mrs. Burwell to her home and made her stay a week with her. Mrs. Burwell will become a dress-maker before long, and make money enough so she can go to her old homestead in Scipio, N. Y., to greet her old friends again next summer.

Miss Parker got the first premium for an embroidered pin-cushion at the fair. It is really very beautiful.

To Philadelphia mutes: I advise you not to postpone the levee for the other month. Decide to have it between Christmas and New Year; that is the best way. Do as you can, and let the mutes of New York City have their own levee in February, as they did have it last year. It makes no difference to have it in Philadelphia and New York both at the same time. Let each of them do as they please. I would like to hear which has the largest attendance, Philadelphia or New York.

Has Miss Emma Annis returned to Philadelphia from New England yet? Mr. Spy, please let me know of her return, and give me her address. I will sign my name RHEA.

LAKE SIDE, Oct. 9, 1882.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Student Occupations.

COMMENTS ON THE COMET.

The Literary Society.

BRIEFS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

With his studies, recreations, society-meetings and political discussions to occupy his attention, the days pass pretty quickly with the average student. His time is usually taken up in some pursuit or other, and should he be so fortunate as to map out for himself certain hours for different pursuits and live up to the rules he lays down for self government, life will pass pleasantly to him.

Just now, besides study, sports and politics, another subject is interesting the students, namely, the considering of the great sewer, a section of which is now building in front of the college gate. In both directions from the college grounds, Boundary Street has the appearance of one great pit, while the sidewalks and grounds in the vicinity are blockaded with machinery, lumber, derricks and other building contrivances. The chief question of interest to us, seems to be, When will the section in front of the college be completed? Many grumbling expressions of "Never" are frequently seen. Notwithstanding the grumbling, every student regards it as a necessity to gaze daily on the work and observe progress, otherwise everything might go wrong. Still there is some good reason for grumbling, for while the sewer may be a necessity, the excoriations are a source of great inconvenience.

A comparison of the college grounds with the general appearance of the street with the gates, presents a striking contrast. Within all is order and beauty; rolling lawns, broad walks and tempting nooks, shaded by the foliage of branching trees. Without, on the contrary, everything is topsy turvy; the earth ploughed up to a great depth, filled with muddy water, and gives one the idea of a canal half way under completion. It is sorely to be hoped that the work may be completed within our immediate vicinity by early spring, otherwise the dust in fair weather and the mud in the rainy season will be insufferable.

But this is not all that occupies the great thoughtful minds of us students—not at all.

THE COMET

is having its full share of attention. As it can be seen only early in the morning, but few students have yet had a glimpse of it. A student retires with the solemn determination of being up before daybreak; he sleeps and that's the end of him till breakfast bell calls him from his snug quarters to life—and the comet of course *non est*. There have been many cruel jokes on several worthy seniors who would be up in time to see the sight, but, alas! human nature is too much, and once they are asleep, the comet may knock spots out of old Sol without disturbing the serenity of the first class man. "Sich is life."

To day the oldent of our College Societies—*i. e.*, the

STUDENT'S LITERARY SOCIETY,

reorganized for the year with the election of the following board of officers.

President Jas. L. Smith, '83; Vice-President, B. R. Allabough, '84; Secretary W. Robinson, '84; Treasurer, W. F. Morrow, '85; Librarian, Olof Hanson, '86; and Critic, Thomas F. Fox, '83. The membership of the society comprises almost all the students in the college, the new students showing their good sense by joining in a body. As regards finances, the society is unusually prosperous and has also an excellent library of two hundred and thirty volumes comprising the choicest gems of literature. The society deserves success, and is winning its deserts.

BRIEFS.

Rev. Job Turner held services in the city on Sunday last.

Reed, '83, has been elected Captain of the first nine K. B. B. C. It is a very good selection.

Hammack, of Illinois, who left college in the winter of '80, has returned and will complete his course.

The old landmarks around the college grounds are quietly disappearing. It is said that the old college pump will soon make way for something more in keeping with the grounds.

Mr. Sansom, of '80, has returned to Washington and resumed his duties in the Agriculturical Department.

The class in drawing, under Mr. Bryant, has been completed.

A meeting of the College Trustees was held in Dr. Gallaudet's office on Monday last. Business of importance affecting the college was transacted.

The newspapers have been making a wealthy man of President Gallaudet in reporting him as building a $35,000 summer residence. The truth is that the Dr. is building a modest $2,000 cottage, which makes a great difference to the previous report.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Oct. 7, '82.

O Kinsman
Care Browne & Sharpe Mfg Co
PROVIDENCE, R I

IS IT A COINCIDENCE?

OR

IS IT ACCIDENTAL?

OR

IS IT INTENTIONAL?

OR

WHAT?

In looking over the list of graduates of the National Deaf-Mute College, one is apt to note how widely they are scattered all over the country. Nearly every State, except the Pacific slope, claims one or more of them, and one is struck by something else—to wit, the manner in which the honorary degrees of Master of Arts, Master of Science, etc., are distributed.

To make my meaning plain, I will give a list of those graduates who have received honorary degrees since graduation, at the hands of the College Faculty, and where they graduated or hailed from before they attended the College:

Name.	Where from.	Degree on graduation.	Conferred since.
M. Ballard,	Hartford,	B.S.	M.S.
J. B. Hotchkiss,	"	B.A.	M.A.
A. G. Draper,	"	B.A.	M.A.
W. L. Hill,	"	B.A.	M.A.
J. G. Parkinson,	"	B.A.	M.A.
J. L. Logan,	Pennsylvania,	B.A.	M.A.

From the above, it will be seen that all who have received honorary degrees since graduating hail from the Eastern States, and that all but *one* are from Hartford. How does this strike you? To look at this list, one would be led to conclude that all, or nearly all, the graduates of the College were also gradnates of Hartford; or that the graduates of Hartford monopolize the talent which the College has turned out. The latter would be a very poor comment on the College, allowing any but Hartford pupils to graduate from it at all.

As to the first proposition, let us see how the case stands up to 1881.

From the College there have graduated—

From Hartford	16
" New York	2
" Pennsylvania	3
Total	21
From Ohio	11
" Michigan	2
" Wisconsin	4
" Indiana	3
" South Carolina	1
" District of Columbia	2
" Kentucky	1
" Iowa	2
" Illinois	3
" Minnesota	1
Total	30

It will be seen from the above that the majority of the graduates are from the West and South, yet *not one* of them has ever received an honorary degree, while six from the Eastern States, not including New York, have been so honored.

The College is said to be a *National* College, and its honored President is particular to stamp out any appearance of Sectionalism among its students, and far be it from us to accuse him of harboring that evil himself, but when we remember that all the members of the Faculty, with but one exception, are from Hartford or the New England States, originally, and look at the lists given above again, say, reader, does it not squint that way just a little?

Is it possible that of all the graduates from the Western and Southern States, who constitute the great majority of all the graduates of the College, there is not one—no, not one—worthy of an honorary degree from their *Alma Mater?* If so, why in the name of common sense were they graduated at all?

It is usual with colleges to confer the degree of Master of Arts upon their graduates three or four years after graduating, which is a wise measure. For about three years after graduating, a man is just obtaining a foothold—beginning to make his mark—and then an honorary degree comes as a stimulant, as showing he is at least appreciated and remembered by his *Alma Mater*. Later on, say five, ten or fifteen years, he *has* made his mark, has taken root and has obtained a foothold in his chosen calling or profession, or failed, then he cares nothing for such gew-gaws as degrees. He has found out by that time that such things do not amount to any thing in the estimate of the busy, pushing world, and what he would have been glad to do almost any thing to get a few years before, he now regards with supreme indifference and will not so much as lift his little finger to obtain it.

There are graduates from the Western States whom I could name, who are as worthy of being remembered by their *Alma Mater* as any of the favored few from the New England states above mentioned, and I say this without any disparagement to them latter.

Take, for instance, Mr. David H. Carroll who so recently died at his post in Minnesota. He took the prize in the examination for admission to the Freshman Class; stood at the head of his class through the whole course, and was its valedictorian. He for years stood at the head of his profession in the Minnesota Institution. He was a most exemplary Christian and scholar, honored and respected by all who know him, and worthy citizen of his adopted state. Yet ten years after graduating he dies a premature death, in the prime of life, a slave to duty, and utterly ignored by the College!

Why was this? Was he ignored and forgotten simply because he happened not to have been a graduate of Hartford? or was he accidentally overlooked? or was the slight intentional? or what?

The College Faculty could not have been ignorant of the merits of such a man, for he was a frequent contributor to the *Annals*, the editor of which is a member of that body, and his record is an open book to them; for, behold! is it not in their possession in the College safe?

How many other graduates of merit are there who are overlooked and ignored, and who have the precedence in point of time, since graduation have seen Hartford pupils advanced over their heads?

How long are they going to wait for recognition? or rather, how long is this apparent favoritism going to continue? I say apparent; for surely it can not be intentional. Can any body give an explanation if it is not?

Perhaps we shall hear, as in the case of the late Mr. Bird, that the Faculty *intended* to confer an honorary degree upon Mr. Carroll. O Yes, very flattering, but it would have been better to have remembered them while living. Are all the Western and Southern graduates to wait till they are dead before their *Alma Mater* condescends to notice them?

The President of the College has frequently been surprised and disappointed at the lack of that *esprit du corps* among the graduates that distinguishes the graduates of other College sand lead them to form Alumni Associations and look with pride and affection upon their *Alma Mater*, but if the Faculty continues the same course it has pursued so far with its graduates, and goes thousand of miles across the Atlantic to foreign shores in search of deaf-mutes on whom to confer degrees to the exclusion of their own graduates, who are better educated and who have a better right to expect such marks of distinction than any foreigners, as they did at last commencement day, they need not be surprised if what little *esprit du corps* remains is soon extinguished, and all their graduates become utterly indifferent in regard to the welfare and future of the College, as many of them are already.

MR. WHY.

The Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Jacksonville, Ill., is a thriving city of about ten thousand inhabitants. The streets are broad, the residences handsome, and, more than all, the people are refined and courteous. It would be a hard task to find another city of the same size with so many beautiful shade trees, the streets on either side are lined with them, and at almost all hours of the day the walks are shaded.

Here too, are to be found several instituions of learning and of charity, of which not only Jacksonville, but all Illinois may well feel proud.

There are the Illinois College, a Presbyterian College for young ladies, the Illinois Asylum for the Insane, an Institution for the Blind, an Orhpan Asylum, and last, but not least in importance, the Illinois Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

It is of this last that our article will treat.

The Institution was started about forty years ago. Its progress at first was rather slow, and in the year 1856, we find it a small frame structure with only twenty-two pupils. During the last quarter of a century it has progressed wonderfully, and to-day it holds the proud preeminence of being the largest Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in all the world. There are over five hundred pupils within its walls during each school term.

It is composed of segrated buildings. The main building is used for domestic and sleeping purposes, and in it are also the rooms for evening study. The dormitories of the boys are in the right wing, and each dormitory is furnished with about twenty iron bedsteads with spring bottoms and mattresses. The study-rooms are at the extreme right. The sleeping apartments for the girls are beautifuly furnished and carpented. Only three or four beds are in each room, and all contain a bureau with large mirror, wash-stand and a wardrobe. On the first floor are situated the reception parlors and the office of the superintendent. The pupils' clothing rooms are in the basement.

In the rear of the main building, connected by a hallway, is the dining-room, which is very large and complete and capable of comfortably seating six hundred persons. The kitchen is connected with the dining-room and is on the same floor. In it are all the cooking appliances of a first-class hotel—not excepting the cook.

The store room is just back of the main building. In the front part is the bakery, having a large oven, lined with asbestos and so constructed that little if any heat escapes into the room. The store room itself is a model that might be imitated with advantage in any large building where there are so many to cater for. The steward and assistants have an office with glass partition adjoining it. Here all articles are kept, and can only be obtained on presentation of an order signed by the superintendent. The library and reading room are in the second story. The library contains several thousand volumes, including bound files of magazines and illustrated papers. The reading room, in which numerous daily and weekly newspapers are on file, is a separate apartment.

About fifty yards to the south-west of the main building is the school house, a beautiful three story red brick structure with stone trimmings. It is the most completely appointed school house we have ever seen. The class rooms are furnished in the most approved style, and include all modern conveniences and applicances. The chapel, which is situated on the third floor, is very large and capable of accommodating 800 or 1000 persons—it contains a gallery which alone has a seating capacity of 200. The floor slopes toward the platform, so that those in the rear can see the speaker without the slightest inconvenience. At the head of the platform is a large slate, which reaches almost the entire width of the room.

Next in importance is the shop building. This edifice is also of brick, and includes, besides the printing office, cabinet shop, and shoe shop, the engine and machine room. The engine room contains a very large and beautiful engine, but the legend "no admittance" tacked on the door and an intervening iron fence prevented us from getting any particulars concerning it. The machine room is fitted out with planers, drills and implements peculiar to the business of a machinist.

The cabinet shop is on the ground floor, and has three turning lathes, a planer and circular saw, all of which are moved by steam power. The work turned out is very creditable to the Institution. Fine bedsteads with carved headboards (both in walnut and in ash with walnut trimmings) chairs, bureaus, tables (inlaid with walunt and ash, and plain), writing desks,—in fact all articles of furniture used in the Institution are the product of this shop.

We regret that we did not see any of the work done in the shoeshop, but we noticed that it contained a good many benches, arranged in convenient order, and the tools used in the trade.

The printing office is large and roomy—in fact too much space is allowed for the material and machinery of the office. The gentlemanly foreman showed us round. It includes a Potter cyclinder press (moved by steam), a job press, imposing stones, a large quantity of plain type, as well as a large assortment of job type. Judging from the material, good results should be obtained. A weekly paper, called the *Advance*, is printed there, and furnishes work for the pupils.

The next building is the laundry, which is in keeping with all the rest, inasmuch as no fault can be found with its appointments. To our inexperienced eye, everything is first class. It embraces three or four steam washing machines, a centrifugal wringer, drying room, a sprinkling machine, large movable clothes horses, in fact everything that would be calculated to make a Troy laundryman's heart to palpitate with enthusiastic joy.

The school and shop buildings are connected by a tunnel to the main building, so that in rainy weather they can be reached without exposure to the wet.

There is a large garden, or farm, in which all kinds of vegetables are grown, as well as choice flowers.

Great precautions are taken to guard against fire. The buildings are furnished with an ingenious system of automatic fire alarms, so that should a fire break out, the signal would be telegraphed and announced by a bell or gong. The position of the fire can be accurately ascertained by referring to an indicator in the main hall just opposite the office of the superintendent. Apparatus for use in case of fire is placed in the halls of the various buildings. Hose is attached to the water pipes, and it is only necessary to turn on the water to send a stream to almost any part of any of the buildings. Brightly polished axes, a speaking trumpet and fire helmet, suggest that a formidable force of fire-eaters is lying dormant in the institution ready to pounce upon the destructive element whenever it shall make its appearance.

The institution is presided over by Philip G. Gillett, LL.D., a man whose natural abilities would bring him to the top in any walk of life. He has been superintendent for over twenty-six years, and we are not saying too much when we state that to him is due the present flourishing prosperity of the institution, as well as the comfort and happiness of many hundred people who are deaf and dumb.

EN QUAD.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Dayton, O.,	Oct. 14th.
Cincinnati, O.,	" 15th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 19th.
Chicago, Ill.,	" 22d.
Rockford, Ill.,	" 23d.
Freeport, Ill.,	" 24th.
Amboy, Ill.,	" 25th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 29th.
Oil City (probable)	" 30th.
Cleveland,	Nov. 1st.
Pittsburg, Pa., (3 P.M. Trinity-Ch.) (7:30 P.M. Calvary)	5th.
Steubenville, O.,	Nov. 6th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 9th.
Norwalk, O.,	" 10th.
Indianapolis, Ind.,	" 12th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 16th.

The service at Calvary Church, Pittsburg, will be combined, Rev. Boyd Vincent, the rector, cordially invites the mutes, Calvary Church is in the same part of the city as East Liberty.

The German Mutes in Town.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It is thought by the mutes in general that besides the old, famous M. L. A., no other mute organization exists in town. They will see by the following lines that they erred.

On September 1st, Nirmayeris Hall, 81 Avenue C, was made very lively by the appearance of about twenty-five German mutes. They are, in this country, a singularly interesting class. They maintain all the usages and ideas they have brought from over the sea. They always like to gather in saloons and beer-gardens. They look with contempt and pity upon others who preach not to drink any thing but water. They can feel very happy by drinking a glass of beer or wine, for they consider both drinks as gifts of Nature, and that to despise it would seem to them a sin.

The writer thinks the motive of this large gathering ought to be explained here.

It will be remembered that on the 30th of August last, at about four o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out in a desk manufactory at 134 Essex Street. Edward Kullenbaum, a mute cigarmaker, who had moved here a year ago, lived here with his mute wife and little boy of three years on the top floor of the tenement house, 136 Essex Street. On this fearful morning, their parlor room was caught by the flames, breaking out of the factory. All the inmates of the house rushed out and off, without a thought to save the poor mutes, who slept the sleep of the just.

Every moment the spreading flames threatened to suffocate this whole family to death. Fortunately, their hearing child roused her mother from sleep. She thought on opening her eyes that her child wanted to drink some water. She felt nearly suffocated by the dense smoke. She struck mechanically with her hand her husband, rousing him from sleep. It was fortunate that this brave German did not lose his senses. He took at once a bed-cover and clothed thereby his child, just fainting from suffocation, carrying the child on his left arm and leading his senseless wife with the other hand he started in this fearful dark, found and opened the door. He laid his child with its mouth to the floor in the hall-way to give him time to recover. He then rushed back to the burning room to save some of his effects. In his desperate attempt to wrest from the rough element some effects, he burnt his hands and feet. He left, with his wife and child, the burning house. Climbing upstairs on the roof, soon they could understand the whole situation as they saw the neighboring factory ablaze in flames. They travelled and climbed up the roofs of several houses in a half naked condition, and were friendly received and clothed by a good-hearted man named Vogel. A few minutes after their flight, two brave firemen, told by some of the neighbors of the terrible situation that should befall a mute family, dashed into the burning room to save their lives, but they found out to their joy that the mutes were out and off in safety. They attacked the flames, pulled a valuable sewing-machine and a few other effects, and carried them away into the hall-way.

The other evening after this fatal accident, the writer called on the ill-fated family and found the poor mutes very excited and disconsolate. Mrs. Kollenbaum wept and pressed her child to her breast, exclaiming that she and her husband were saved from death by this little angel.

The innocent child smiled and cried, not knowing that he saved the lives of his mute parents. Well, they will wait some years to come, as they will be able to impress their thanks and love to their angel. The loss of these mutes was estimated at about $150, but it was not insured.

Mr. G. Lindeman, a German bookbinder, thought to bring them some relief, was assisted by Mr. Leopold Lowenstein, well known as the father of the German mutes. The subscription was headed by the ever-tender-hearted Mr. Jacques Leow, giving five dollars; the following named gentlemen gave to the relief of these distressed mutes as follows:

Jacques Loew,	$5 00	A. Kadgiehn	$ 50
F. Rotter,	2 00	W. Cauzehn,	1 00
L. Lowenstein,	1 00	Nirmeyer,	50
P. Mares,	1 00	A. Stein,	1 00
G. Lindeman,	2 00	J. Lederman,	50
G. Gugging,	2 00	B. Scott,	1 00
G. Fersenheim,	1 00	John Hogan,	50
D. Ballin,	1 00	L. Wertheim,	1 00
P. Kaerth,	1 00	A. Ekartd,	50
W. Nebel,	50	M. Sonneborn,	1 00
		D. Pache,	2 00
Total			$26 00

After an address, this money was handed over to Mr. Ed. Kullenbaum, and he returned his thanks, shaking the hands of the mutes present.

Then followed some strong addresses, speeches and talks, carried out by strong German motions, and partly by the fingers and partly by native signs.

Mr. J. Fersenheim said the German mutes ought to be proud of being Germans by birth and by language. They understood how to help themselves in their new country and to make happy homes here. They had never caused any trouble to Rev. Thomas Gallaudet and his co-workers, trusting themselves upon their diligent hands. On the contrary, a large number of native mutes were helpless and without situations. Many of them had passed the high classes and colleges, yet they flocked at the door of the heavily burdened Rev. Thomas Gallaudet to seek help and shelter. The native mutes ought to learn something from their green brethren.

A roaring applause followed this speech.

Mr. Heinzman offered a motion that the mutes in general shall meet in various halls, changing from time to time between New York and Brooklyn.

Mr. Ballin demanded that the gathering shall be too in Hoboken, at his home, at any time appointed by a mutual consent. Both motions were accepted.

A small barrel full of beer was rolled up to the door to the amazement of the guests. Everyone asked who was the man that gave the treat? Mr. Leopold Loewenstein said that Mr. Fersenheim wished to treat his mute friends a little to celebrate with them his silver wedding just passed a few days ago. Of course, a general applause greeted his remark.

It was talked about merrily and drank heartily till midnight, and all went home with their feet straight on the way. Not one of them was found staggering, thus showing that they knew how to appreciate moderation.

F. ROTTER.

October 6, 1882.

A Deaf-Mute Artist Abroad.

The following extract from a letter written by Albert Ballin, who is now in Venice, Italy, to his brother, will be of interest to the many New Yorkers who are acquainted with the rising young artist:

"I fear I am more lucky than I deserve. *Every thing* around me is lovely. I think I am already in Paradise, wanting only dear mama, papa, Dora and you, to make it more perfect! Everybody I know is so nice and agreeable, and I have no enemy nor ill-feeling for any body in the world, and I am sure they all like me in return. But you know that man is never satisfied, nor am I. What I want are much money, more friends and great reputation. To attain which I must work, work, work like a horse, and I hope I am doing it now to perfection. The weather is indescribably lovely, always brilliant, intensely blue sky, awfully sunny, but never too hot for me, or at least I can work and bear the heat one hundred times better than in New York. We have very little rain, but when it does, it is simply sublime. I have just finished a water color of a shower storm in the Lagoon from my window. Now I am finishing an oil painting about 12x18 of an early sunrise (about 4½ o'clock) which I think will be my latest success. After that, I shall make a bold and gorgeous twilight scene about 22x28 (in oil) and also a nocturnal scene, "Serenade," with a beautifully illuminated music barge followed by no end of gondolas, etc. All these will be finished by the 10th inst., including three or four studies—all in oil. From that time I shall spend the rest of the month in a suburb fishing place by the name of Chioggia, where I shall paint in water colors exclusively, but no hasty sketches at all. On my return from Chioggia, I shall work in September on only one picture about 30x35 inches, representing a scene in the Public Garden with a view of almost the whole of Venice, shipping, etc., for a background. It is the best selection I can make. There are many defects in the scene, but I will act as Rico and Villegars always do, *i. e.*, build *my own* Venice by using all the most beautiful parts here and there to take the place of the ugly parts. It will be most laborious, but I am sure the result will gild it in various ways. In the meantime I shall also prepare "A secret beauty," which will be finished in Rome on a piece of canvass about 4x6 feet. If I can finish it in time, I would send it to the International Exhibition. I think it unnecessary to mention what I have already finished, as I think I have spoken of them beforehand.

Now I shall talk a little over personal matters. You might have heard quite often of Mr. Rico, a very celebrated Spanish painter. I knew of him for over four years, and how I yearned for his acquaintance. Now my desire is gratified, but in a perfectly novel manner. He came to Venice from Paris over a month before I knew of it. When I was eulogizing his merits to some friends, I found him on the next table to mine in the Square (Piazza di S. Marco.) The next night, as I passed him, he took off his hat to me. I replied in like manner. Third night, we met in the same restaurant. He came up to me and took my hands and said he was "*enchante do me voir*!" He said he often heard of me from Mme. Mariano de Fortuny and others. Now we are fast friends. He invited me to his palace, and I saw his marvelous workmanship and I learnt immensely from him. I have not and will not invite him to see my works until next week, for by that time I shall have nearly ten more finely finished pictures, though he gave a hint every now and then of his desire to see them. He is and still introducing me to masters of art of worldly renown. Don't you think me a lucky dog?

I am sorry I cannot speak so sweetly of the American artists now in Venice. As personal friends they are superb, but as painters they are, I should say, lost. Some are talented—very—but they are awfully conceited and would scarcely take advice from their betters. To see each's works once is sufficient, but I do not care to see more. But, thank God! there are yet many H. Humphrey Moores among our countrymen who are modest, studious and laborious, and we may still hope that America will compete with other nations before long.

The Consul-General, Mr. McW. B. Noyes, has been gone from Venice since two months. You might have heard of his marriage in New York to a sister of Jay Gould. Well! he left behind his nephew, Mr. W. H. de W. Budd, the vice consul, who is like the devil aloose,—gives parties, amusements, etc. He has got a new gondola in addition to one he had got already with two more gondoliers dressed with crests of the United States of America, etc., and we had such bully times! On July 15th, there was a great feast given by the Venetians.

It commenced at 10:30 o'clock. All Venice turned out *en masse* on the waters. Most of the gondolas were brilliantly illuminated. There were also illuminations of great splendour on shore. I was in a gondola in company with a Spanish family by the name of Bedner. Drinking, eating, music, sky rockets, etc., etc., until 2 A.M. I wanted to go to witness the very ancient custom of doing homage to the sunrise, but everybody was tired out, so I went home to bed like a good boy. But it did not end this way. I was already undressed to pay tribute to Somnos, but when I came to the window to shut the blinds, I was hit with a shower of bonbons, candies and taffy. I soon saw two men below gesticulating. I was at first frightened, thinking they were policemen with a warrant for my arrest. When one lighted a match, I found that limb of Satan, Mr. Budd, the Vice C— with another friend. They came up and made me dress up once more to go to the Sido in the former's gondola (a magnificent affair) to kill the rest of the night, which I did with a good will.

There were very many people doing no end of things. As soon as the glorious chariot with fiery horses driven by Apollo appeared in the east, we bathed in the beautiful Adriatic Sea. Breakfasted at seven, and half an hour later under bedcovers, and remained torpid for eight mortal hours.

Now, I fear I am boring you with things which don't interest you a bit, but I have something else to tell yet.

The Queen of Italy is in Venice, and lives on one side of St. Mark's Square overlooking it. So they keep banging up music every night from 8:30 to 10:30 instead of four times a week. I like it very much, because every member of nobility and society people meet here much, to my amusement.

It is mere waste of time to declare the kindness of the Seligman family, I knew and told you so quite often. They are the best people out. They have nothing like coldness, selfishness, nor pride, as most wealthy people have. We must do all we can to do them justice in every way.

You may attend the Denver Exhibition as wisely as you always do, but I think you should reduce the Tiber scene to $100 with frame. The water-color of Herdsman should be entitled "Contadino Romando"—$50.

As soon as I am settled in Rome, I shall see how I shall manage my pictures. Now I am quite bankrupt in my stock of news.

Etes vous donc content?

I am making fair progress in my Italian language, and I am sure I shall know it as well as I do French in one and half months.

I have not received any copy of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL yet. Are you going to send me any? I want them very much.

Hoping to hear from you at an early date, I close with much love to mamma, papa, Dora and yourself, as well as to all the members of the Seligman family.

Your ever loving brother,
ALBERT BALLIN.

Health Hints.

The remedy for overwork is rest.

Tobacco is a great drunkard maker.

As far as one violates law he wastes power.

Men and women insult God by abusing their bodies.

Good nutritive vigor is the foundation of good health.

The habitual use of tobacco deadens the moral sense.

Rapid consumption of the vital forces means early decay and premature death.

Hundreds of women die annually for want of change of labor or change of scene.

The habits of thought and action of our young men are in large degree unfriendly to life.

Sickness and death are born of human sin, and live by dooming the brightest and noblest of our race.

Wheat, made into bread, puddings, &c., will make more muscle twice over, pound for pound, than fat meat of any kind.

With the growth of the ideal physical beauty through better health, will come a better moral tone and a higher self respect.

Three fourths of the summer diarheas and dysenterics are attributable to the use of animal food, together with the unclean habits of body of those who eat it.

If people will live twice as fast as they ought, if they will perform as much labor in one day as ought to be done in two, nothing will save them from the natural consequence, which is to die twice as soon as they otherwise would.

Farm-houses may be, and ought to be, better located than city residences. Low sites, where the houses drains are sluggish, the fogs frequent, the air stagnant, and the effluvia from the out-buildings confined, should always be avoided. Next in importance to location is cleanliness in the surroundings of the farm-house.

Grand Levee and Entertainment for the New England Mutes to be held in Salem, Mass., January 1st, 1883.

This Levee will be held in the Central Hall, and no pains will be spared by the manager to make the evening one of much social enjoyment and profit. Supper will be served in the same building, and superior accommodations will be arranged. Further particulars with price will be announced in due season. Deaf-Mutes and their friends in Boston, Worcester, Lowell, and from all parts of New England and outside of New England, are invited to participate.

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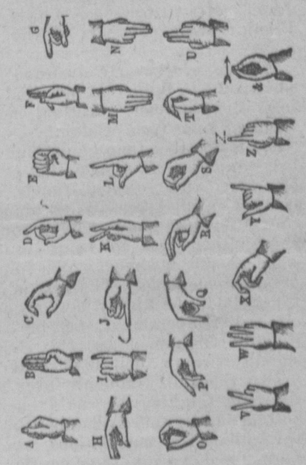
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